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THE PROBABILITY that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent of the crime for which they were put to death a year ago last summer is definitely increased by the material published in the *Outlook and Independent* for October 31, and the magazine is entitled to all praise for printing this contribution toward the establishment of truth in an unpopular cause. The material concerns not the robbery and murder at South Braintree, Massachusetts, for which the two Italians were sentenced to death, but a hold-up in the nearby town of Bridgewater of which Vanzetti alone was convicted before the trial for the other crime. It will be recalled that Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in 1920 not because of supposed connection with any particular crime, but merely on account of suspicious actions—actions in regard to which they had good reason to be secretive because of the bitter persecution of radical aliens at that time. The local police—probably at the instance of the United States Department of Justice—decided that the two men ought to be put out of the way and, resorting to a common technique, proceeded to charge them with whatever unsolved crimes the public was still worked up over. The two best cases were those at Bridgewater, which had gone unsolved for four months, and the one at South Braintree, only three weeks in the background. Unfortunately for the police, Sacco proved conclusively that he was at work at the time of the Bridgewater hold-up, but Vanzetti was indicted, convicted, and sentenced to prison before he and Sacco were put on trial for the South Braintree murders in 1921. The presiding judge at Vanzetti's trial was the same Webster Thayer who later showed such obvious venom and prejudice in the proceedings against Sacco and Vanzetti.

IN A BROADSIDE on the Sacco-Vanzetti case in its issue of September 22, 1926, *The Nation* pointed out many farcical and sinister features in connection with this first trial of Vanzetti, and the way in which it was used to do injustice both to him and Sacco in the subsequent fight for their lives. We told how Vanzetti was induced to drop the attorney originally retained and substitute John H. Vahey of Boston, how the latter refused to accede to Vanzetti's wish to take the stand in his defense, and how no request for a new trial was made within the year's time prescribed by law, so that counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti were later unable to reopen this case. The jury paid no attention to Vanzetti's alibi witnesses, accepting instead several fantastic stories on the other side. The *Outlook and Independent* now demolishes these by a confession from Frank Silva, an ex-convict, that he and three others perpetrated the Bridgewater robbery. This is backed by a statement from James Mede, in whose store the crime is said to have been planned. All these data have been checked by Silas Bent, an experienced newspaperman, who is convinced of their truth. The material seems to destroy utterly the already incredible case against Vanzetti in regard to the Bridgewater robbery, and it obviously shakes anew the unconvincing testimony in the subsequent murder trial—testimony which in six long years the judicial system of the great State of Massachusetts never allowed to be reexamined. But in the present state of public opinion the revelations are not likely to change many minds. The response of Governor Fuller is characteristic. Through his secretary he wrote to the *Outlook and Independent* that he was "not any more impressed with this confession than he was with the confession of Madeiros." Future generations may not be any more impressed by the attitude of Governor Fuller than by the verdict of the jury at Dedham.

SENATOR NORRIS'S argument stating the reasons why he must leave his party and come out for Governor Smith, though he did not bolt in 1924 to La Follette, his warm and admired friend, is an unusual document. For as we have repeatedly pointed out, George W. Norris has a habit of standing four square to all political winds. Men have known ever since he declined to vote for the armed ship bill, as we were going into the war in 1917, that here was a man who could not be moved by fears of what might happen to him if he took the unpopular course, who could not be reached by any political consideration. Hence we feel that his declaration that the greatest issue before the country was the power trust, and his demonstration that

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Governor Smith was in principle against and Mr. Hoover for it must have had effect not only throughout the West, but in the East. Not in many years have the newspapers printed as many speeches of public men at full length as in this campaign. Mr. Norris's appeared in full, or in admirable abstract, in most of the great dailies of the Eastern seaboard, besides being featured in the West. More than that, he reached great multitudes through the radio. It is to this wonderful device, we believe, that the huge increase in registration was due. Together with the prejudices and passions aroused by the religious and prohibition issues in this campaign, the radio has done what all the societies formed to get out the vote have never been able to accomplish.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR, Al Smith, in the last week of October must have suggested to the startled and horrified Republicans that Sudanese of whom Kipling wrote:

> An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
> Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

With extraordinary elan Governor Smith carried his fighting into Republican territory and achieved the greatest popular receptions on record in American political campaigns. Not Bryan, not Roosevelt equaled them, and the oldest reporters who accompanied the Governor to Boston were profoundly awed and impressed not only by the unprecedented magnitude of the crowds, but by the deep and almost religious fervor which seemed to move them. Something deep has been reached in many citizens' breasts; some well-springs that ordinarily are never found by political divining-rods. Crowds, of course, do not mean votes. But the Republicans were none the less frightened, the betting odds sank, and the American correspondents of British newspapers cabled that Mr. Hoover's election was not after all assured. Without regard to the outcome the Governor deserves a vote of thanks for having at last lifted political campaigning out of the dull, vapid banalities and stupidities to which it has been reduced by years of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, et al. He has struck straight from the shoulder; he has gone right at his man. He has inaugurated a great public debate and, thanks to the radio, he has made millions listen to that debate. What a good time Al has had, and how much good he has done too!

AS FOR HERBERT HOOVER, he is, as we write, dangerously near to becoming laughable. At least the fiction that he is a great and farsighted statesman is well punctured. Take the case of the extra session which late in October he promised to call, if elected, to provide farm relief if not granted by Congress prior to his taking office. Mr. Hoover never dreamed of promising this in his speech of acceptance. When Governor McMullen of Nebraska came out and stated that he had had an interview with Mr. Hoover promising the extra session, this was denied by Mr. Hoover's political headquarters on his behalf. After the lie had thus been given to the Governor, Senator Borah declared that he would get the extra session, and get it from Mr. Hoover he did. Soon after the Senator had seen the great candidate the extra session was announced. It is needless to say that if it had not been for the reports brought by Senator Borah and others as to the swing to Smith among the farmers, and the bolt of Senator Norris, Mr. Hoover would never have mentioned the extra session. Similarly, all the additional stops that were put into Mr. Hoover's Western itinerary were the measure of Mr. Hoover's fright.

THE POVERTY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT in the old parties was never better revealed than in the exchange of unpleasantries between Smith and Hoover concerning socialism. Hoover called Smith's stand for the government development of water-power "state socialism." Smith retorted that if he was a socialist, then ex-President Roosevelt, Hughes, and Nathan Miller were socialists. Neither in Hoover's attack nor in Smith's rejoinder was there any recognition of the fundamental fact that our economic life is so interdependent that it must be controlled by some kind of government, either the invisible government of great corporate wealth, which is supreme today, or a democratic organization representing the people. Have we gone backward since 1924 when this issue was forced into the foreground by La Follette? Certainly Norman Thomas was justified in declaring in his Buffalo speech:

> Mr. Hoover calls his capitalism "rugged individualism" and professes to find some peculiar virtue in the wasteful and chaotic mismanagement of coal, in our frantic real-estate speculation, and in our gigantic corporations owned by irresponsible absentee stockholders. He ignores the waste, the poverty, the tyranny, the threat of war which arise out of our attempt to control the essentials of modern life for us all under the law of the jungle. Governor Smith's vindication of himself is more triumphant than he may think. If he is a socialist in the same sense as Hughes, Miller, and the other Republicans whom he cites, he is not even a progressive, let alone a socialist.

IS THE UNITED STATES by implication being committed to indorsement of the Japanese program in Manchuria? Certainly the Japanese are eager to have that indorsement; and the report that the National City Bank is floating a $20,000,000 loan in behalf of the Oriental Development Company, a semi-official Japanese enterprise for economic development of Manchuria and Korea, points in that direction. Unfortunately the State Department policy implicitly gives a government indorsement to projects which it does not disapprove. It asks bankers to show it their foreign-loan contracts before consummating them, in order that it may express objection if it is so inclined. Obviously, it cannot object to Japanese commercial enterprises in Manchuria, but equally obviously, American loans to Japanese enterprises in the northeastern provinces of China, at a time when Japan and China are in acute if disguised conflict over the status of Japan in those provinces, will be regarded in the Far East as approval of the Japanese program. A similar question arose a year ago when J. P. Morgan and Company had under consideration a loan to the South Manchurian Railway. It was in itself a reasonable loan, but the international implications were alarming. The protest in China was enormous, and eventually the project was withdrawn. The Nanking Government has just asked its minister in Washington to inquire about the reported National City Bank loan, and thus a storm seems to be brewing. If American bankers wish to lend money to the Japanese Government, they would do well to lend the money direct to the Government; for when American dollars go to support a semi-official Japanese enterprise in Manchuria the project assumes aspects which are diplomatic and political as well as financial.

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BOTH CANDIDATES for the Presidency of Nicaragua have asked that the United States agree to supervise the Nicaraguan presidential election of 1932. This declaration was made a couple of weeks previous to this year's election and presumably indicated that neither candidate felt sure of victory and that both wanted to curry favor with the American army officers conducting the poll. It is only fair to General McCoy to say that he has been most scrupulous to maintain complete impartiality between Adolfo Benard, the Conservative Party candidate, and José Maria Moncada, the Liberal general who laid down his guns, at $10 per gun, when Henry L. Stimson ordered him to, and later became the Liberal Party candidate. But the Yankee officials tipped the scales when they refused to permit the new Nacionalista Party, which was frankly opposed to the American occupation, to enter a candidate. Under ordinary circumstances the Liberals are probably in a majority in Nicaragua, but Moncada has groveled so before the Yankees that he has lost favor with many even of his own party. It is said that each of the two candidates came out for marine rule until 1932 in order that, if his opponent were elected, the loser might be assured of a fair chance to regain power four years hence. There is something in this argument; there is also a great fat joker. It will take more than four years for Nicaragua to learn to operate the machinery of democratic self-government without flaw (it seems to be taking the Anglo-Saxons, Irish, Italians, and Slavs even longer); and if the United States starts in guaranteeing honest elections in the rest of the world it is undertaking a superhuman job.

GERMANY CONTINUES to give the world an excellent illustration of the efficiency of unified railroad control. The German railroads not only serve as the hub of the transportation system of Europe, but they provide for large payments to the Allies under the Dawes plan. The German Federal Railroads Company, which under the Dawes plan took over the railroads from state control, is the largest individual employer in the world, having 700,000 officials and laborers on its pay roll. Contrary to the popular American dogma, the lack of competition from large private railroads has not rendered the huge organization indifferent to the welfare of its workers and passengers. The corporation is vitally interested in a safety and health campaign among its workers. The German plan of national railway unification has served as a model for Central and Western Europe, and some day it may well serve as a model for the United States.

AFTER A LONG STRIKE against the firm of David Adler and Sons in Milwaukee the Amalgamated Clothing Workers delivered what was in effect an ultimatum. Settle the strike now, said the union, or your workers will never return to you. The Adler firm and the clothing manufacturers generally regarded the threat as a piece of strike strategy designed to bolster up declining morale. What was their amazement when the union presently opened up its own Milwaukee shop with a parade of 500 strikers to its new factory. The clothing industry was profoundly stirred when it was discovered that the new union factory was under contract to produce clothing for the world's largest clothiers, Hart Schaffner and Marx. This firm has been traditionally friendly to the union and its continued prosperity has been based in no small degree upon the hearty cooperation of the Amalgamated in maintaining productive efficiency. In fact, according to a writer in the *Daily News Record*, the trade journal of the men's clothing industry, "although the manufacturing department is in close touch with everything that goes on, it has for some years shared initiative and actual if not nominal authority with the workers' organization."

MAN NOT ONLY PRESUMES to measure the heavens but to talk about them in terms of millions of light-years' distance from the earth. The largest telescope in the world is to be erected at the California Institute of Technology at Pasadena, with a power five to ten times as great as any telescope now in existence. The great reflecting mirror is to be 200 inches in diameter and of fused quartz instead of glass; a mountain top will be found from which the new giant will sweep the sky. It will take years to cast and grind the mirror; and the funds for the enterprise, which are to be provided by the International Education Board of New York City, may easily be more than a million dollars. This is typical Americanese, of course; we have the "best" and the "biggest" and the "highest" and the "greatest." But not only in America are the figures used to describe astronomical calculations staggering and for the layman incomprehensible. It means little to read that the great new telescope will penetrate hundreds of millions—even billions—of light years into space; it is a little more definite to learn that whereas the largest existing telescope, that at Mount Wilson Observatory, now brings about a billion stars within range, the new marvel will add half a billion more to that number. Thus the average man will read about the telescope and marvel; and will marvel more at the sight of the moons of Jupiter some clear night, shown for a nickel through a little tuppeny telescope on the streets of any great city.

THE MANCHESTER BRANCH of the British Building Trade Workers' Union has demanded the resignation of George Hicks, secretary of the executive council, because he accepted Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a member of the union. Mr. Churchill applied for membership after he had done some amateur bricklaying on his estate. The branch suggested that the membership fee paid by Mr. Churchill be returned to him.

Winston Churchill laid some bricks,
And built himself a cottage
Somewhere down in Kent upon
His quite extensive lottage.

Thus, having proved himself a man
In fields not only vocal,
He paid his dues, threw out his chest,
And joined the Layers' Local.

But bricklayers are sturdy folk
Who stand for no such ruses;
They scratched his name from off the books
And sent back Winston's dueses.

(*Softly*)

Now Churchill lays a lonely brick
And mutters as he mortars:
"Ah, Labor, rue the day you scorned
Your best of all supporters."

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Ten Years of Republican Germany

TEN years—since the armistice, since the overwhelming defeat and disaster; since the days when, overnight, Kaiser and kings, princes and grand-dukes fled, ancient governments came crashing down, a couple of millions of German soldiers came stumbling home. Beaten, betrayed, outraged, eager for revenge, they found only starvation, utter spiritual and physical misery, brother shooting down brother, murderous marines, monarchists and Spartacides, battles in the streets, enemy troops in the beloved Rhineland, utter chaos, utter despair. . . . Upon these foundations it was necessary to rear the German Republic!

That it has survived is one of the miracles of our age. Woodrow Wilson helped to call it into being and, on behalf of the Allies, solemnly promised that if it came to life it would be received with acclaim, with generous friendship, with sympathetic understanding even in a war-torn world. It came to life—and every Wilson promise was broken. While the American commissioners (except Mr. Wilson) protested and Herbert Hoover fought like a tiger to give the Germans food, hundreds of thousands of them, the youngest and the eldest, the poor and the weak, died for lack of nourishment—in the name of liberty, to make the world safe for democracy. Upon half the palm of one hand the writer of these lines held, in Dresden in February, 1919, the official food ration for an adult for one day—just one mouthful of incredible odds and ends that passed for nourishment. No parent knew how or where to feed his crying child; no child but witnessed the agonizing suffering of father and mother. No wonder that there were suicides by the thousand, that men and women courted death with indifference as shot and shell roared through the avenues of Munich, Berlin, Leipzig, Halle, and all the rest; that warring bands suddenly came out of nowhere to attack without warning, as if with no purpose save to kill and be killed.

These were the birth-pangs, this the bloody parturition. In this agony, literally under fire, the government was made over while kept waiting for six months to learn the crushing terms upon which the new-born Republic was to be allowed to struggle for existence; then to be faced with the most staggering financial penalties—not today fully defined and limited—ever fastened upon a conquered country. Next came a further invasion of German territory in flagrant violation of the Allies' own treaty, and, finally, a complete currency collapse and financial ruin. What other people could have passed through such an ordeal by fire and by torture and still survive? Not more than one or two others, especially if the new government were beset by Communists on the one flank, by monarchists on the other, with the center menaced by party strife, by factional bickerings and jealousies in which men utterly forgot the necessity of a solid patriotic front to the conquerors. To remake the Prussianized bureaucracy of the Reich would itself have been a challenge to all the statesmanship that remained after the debacle. To build anew while battling for life against the forces of reaction and despair, of hate and oppression—that called for Titans. Few of those who witnessed the struggle in 1919 believed that any democratic government could survive. Not in fifty or a hundred years, wrote the soberest and kindliest of foreign journalists, could this country recover from the disaster the Kaiser and his government had brought upon it.

Ten years only have passed. What an incredible change! A country still torn by political strife, still somewhat unclear as to its political aims, still not quite sure of its destiny, stands out as further along the road to complete recovery than some of the conquering nations. More than that, it is safely republican. Monarchists there still are a plenty; and Communists as well, but the 14,889,000 Germans who voted in 1926 to deprive the princes and kings of their fortunes wrung from the toiling masses during long centuries attest the stability of the new order. No careful observer today fears the return of the Kaiser; that is unthinkable. Every year that passes decreases the number of those who are still devoted to the old regime and increases the number of full-fledged voters who were children when the monarchy fell. True, no great statesmen have come forward save Rathenau and Stresemann, but what other country can boast of more than one strong man? Certainly neither the United States nor Great Britain has the right to chide on this score. Yet the great fact remains that somehow, in some way, the German government has gone on and achieved gloriously. Not without traitors in the camp, not without dissension. But no one can deny that it has shouldered its burden with sincerity and determination. That it has to this day met every demand of the fulfilment program cheerfully, loyally, and fully, is the constant testimony of the American Commissioner of Reparations.

The right of the German government to the acclaim of the world on its tenth anniversary does not, however, rest either upon its refusal to yield to anarchy, or its restoration of domestic order, or even its fulfilment of what seemed utterly impossible demands. It has embarked upon a noble and wise policy toward Russia; it has humbled its pride and entered the League of Nations in the face of great domestic opposition. Far more than that, it has voluntarily performed an act of renunciation without parallel in modern history: it has forsworn revenge and has given the world its pledge never again to seek Alsace or Lorraine. No one not profoundly versed in European history can measure the significance or the greatness of this act. For the struggle over Alsace-Lorraine does not date back merely to 1870. From the days of Charlemagne this territory and the Rhineland have been fought over again and again, with first France and then Germany the aggressor. Had the Germans decided to cherish their desire for revenge; had they erected their statue of Strassburg at the Brandenburger Thor patterned after that in the Place de la Concorde, we should have had no guaranty of peace in Europe. Of their own accord the Germans have accepted the existing French boundaries as the definite delimitation of Germany's Western frontier, and thereby written finis under one of the bloodiest and most disgraceful chapters in European history. A foremost American statesman and diplomat has said to us that he knows no chapter in history to surpass this renunciation in wisdom, in courage, and in moral grandeur.

It was this that paved the way to Locarno, for this offer was made many months before Locarno, under the

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rule of Chancellor Cuno. As for Locarno itself, it still stands out as an extraordinary achievement of good-will, vision, and reconciliation. If its brilliance is somewhat tarnished now, the fault is not Germany's. It has been true to the pacts in deed and in spirit. Those who have dimmed their glory have been others in other lands. This joint outlawry of war along the Rhine for one hundred years paved the way for the Kellogg treaties. If the latter are perhaps merely a gesture, still they point the path for humanity to take unless it is to perish by gas and by bomb. It was Germany which was the first to sign the Kellogg Pact without the slightest hesitation or cavil, while England and France bargained and amended and weakened the document. The world may doubt the sincerity of some of the signers who are still wasting treasure in armaments precisely as before; it cannot question the honesty of the German signature. For Germany is pacific and disarmed. We are quite aware of the French charges that Germany is drilling and arming under cover, but that is nonsense; no country could conceal the huge fleets of trucks and tanks and cannon and airplanes a fresh contest would demand. Despite occasional revelations of secret hoards and secret military cliques, Germany *is* disarmed, and the bulk of her people thank God for it and stand for the Stresemann policies, however difficult the Allies make the retaining of confidence in those policies. Without fear of denial we say that if the German Republic had achieved nothing else than these advances toward peace on the Rhine, it would have justified its existence ten thousand times.

Nor must we forget here to pay our tribute to President von Hindenburg. We were among the disappointed and the skeptics when he took office; we feared a President who had borne arms and still treated the Kaiser much as a ruler. But this extraordinary old warrior has so clearly proved to be the right man at the right time that we must record our tribute to him, to his fidelity to his oath of office, to his trust. Incidents there have been to make one have regrets—but how few and how insignificant in view of his traditions, his old associations! He has never rattled the sword in its scabbard; he has never sought to interfere with the Reichstag or any ministry, and he has helped to compose more than one ministerial crisis. He has held the country together; his mere presence in the Wilhelmstrasse fetters militarists and monarchists alike.

That reconstruction has in many respects cost the Germans dear cannot be denied. If suffering and poverty have compelled heart-breaking work, and the loss by the workers of many hard-won privileges, at least they have brought with them the anodyne of engrossing labor that made multitudes unable to take part in party or social strife. Despite at times alarming unemployment, the Germans have toiled as never before; their old established industry and innate love of order have helped them over their hardest of times. Not that the individual has again reached the pre-war plane of safety and comfort. For millions upon millions all security for old age has disappeared—pensions, savings, insurance, all have gone by the board. Multitudes exist only by the generosity and self-sacrifice of others; multitudes can never live to regain their former state. For the widows, the single women, the orphans, and the impoverished generally, the crisis remains acute; little of the increasing prosperity of the nation as a whole has as yet filtered down to them, although the economic life in various phases is about the same as in pre-war time. But the road before the country remains difficult; the burden of the reparations must continue to rest squarely upon the backs of the producing classes, and must bend and bow them down.

Again, the financial control of the Reich by the Allies has played directly into the hands of the great capitalists. The trustification of Germany has gone on apace, and not only within its own borders. The trusts have crossed the national boundaries. They have made their peace with the Allies. Indeed, they have split those Allies. Certain German industries, by striking hands with those of Luxemburg, France, and Belgium, are presenting a united front to Great Britain and are seeking to rival the United States itself. It is probable that the passage of industry through this era of practical monopoly will prove to be more of a benefit and less of a danger in Germany than has been the case in America. As has been said before, the Germans have some sense of state. But the trade unions have been rendered almost powerless and the worker too often reduced to the lowest level upon which he can keep body and soul together. All in all, the juggernaut of capitalism has grown to greater and greater size, fostered by the Dawes Plan which may yet result in the wrenching of the German railroads out of the ownership of the state and of the people in order, among other things, that the capitalistic world shall not again have such an example of admirable and successful government operation of railroads. Under the shelter of foreign domination evils are arising which may yet challenge the existence of the German Republic, precisely as in America big business has taken over the control of our political life.

Let no one assume from what has here been written that the German Republic is ideal, or that the task of remodeling the governmental structure is complete. The bureaucracy is not yet reorganized; the dead hand of the dead regime still rests too heavily upon the state. The friction between the several states of the Reich remains serious, and the lack of a definite majority government as well. The great thing is that time fights for the Republic. Each year the monarchy goes further into the background; each year the Kaiser and all the trappings of his rule are more and more forgotten. Each year we believe the Republic will continue to progress, not because of any imitation of America, or any alliance with the great industrialists of other lands, but because of the innate characteristics of the German people themselves. Industry, thrift, respect for letters and learning and science and the academic life—these remain. Not the shifting of the wealth of the people, nor the rise to the surface of the war-profiteers and of the get-rich-quick gamblers of the inflation period can dim this German respect for the captains of the spirit and of the mind.

There were always two Germanys, and the finer one must and will survive, despite too great sentimentality, too great self-esteem; in political life, perhaps, too great individualism. But whether this is correct or otherwise, the past is secure. For all the dark side of the past ten years, the German people have every right to consider the past decade the proudest in their national life. It is easy to be great when rich and powerful and on a tidal wave of material success; it is another thing in days of disaster and disorder and despair. Like the individual, that nation is greatest which in a time that tries its citizens to their inmost fiber remains captain of its soul and, accepting its fate, publicly reverses its policy and leads the world by the longest steps yet taken toward peace and human brotherhood.

O. G. V.

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The Nation's Presidential Poll

WITH this issue *The Nation* closes its Presidential poll, giving a tabulation of the results by States. The poll was limited to our 25,000 subscriber-readers in the United States; there was no practical method, we regret, of reaching the 12,000 to 15,000 of our friends who buy their copies from newsstands. The response has been far higher than we anticipated, 53 per cent of the ballots sent out having been returned. We attribute this partly to unusual interest in the election and partly to the unusual devotion of *Nation* subscribers to their paper.

Our object in the poll was to bring out the political choice of the progressive-minded, intelligent voters in the

State	Hoover Rep.	Smith Dem.	Thomas Soc.	Foster Com.	Varney Proh.	Reynolds Soc.-Lab.	Rogers Anti-Bunk	Undecided	Total
Alabama	8	31	7	1					47
Arizona	8	21	6	1				1	37
Arkansas	9	19	7						35
California	230	589	281	47		2	2	29	1,180
Colorado	32	61	30	4				6	133
Connecticut	54	121	54	7		1		7	244
Delaware	11	21	8	2	1			3	46
Florida	21	44	11					2	78
Georgia	11	32	3	3				1	50
Idaho	9	15	6					1	31
Illinois	259	485	209	35		4	1	40	1,033
Indiana	78	83	30	3			1	7	202
Iowa	72	72	34				2	7	187
Kansas	36	39	22		1		1	2	101
Kentucky	18	47	11	1				2	79
Louisiana	12	32	8						52
Maine	17	23	12	1			1	4	58
Maryland	31	132	30	4				2	199
Massachusetts	182	279	177	16	1			40	695
Michigan	106	153	71	8			1	12	351
Minnesota	116	196	79	6	1	2		10	410
Mississippi	7	14	3					1	25
Missouri	51	128	33	2				8	222
Montana	16	46	15	2				1	80
Nebraska	36	51	18					5	110
Nevada	7	7	2						16
New Hampshire	18	28	10					1	57
New Jersey	127	286	139	17			2	23	594
New Mexico	9	27	1	3					40
New York	506	2,134	930	189	6	4	12	103	3,884
North Carolina	9	55	11	1				3	79
North Dakota	16	31	16	2				2	67
Ohio	152	318	117	19		3	1	20	630
Oklahoma	14	34	12	1					61
Oregon	27	58	22	6				5	118
Pennsylvania	208	561	196	29	1		1	35	1,031
Rhode Island	13	19	13			1		1	47
South Carolina	5	31	1						37
South Dakota	25	21	6	1				1	54
Tennessee	13	37	9						59
Texas	31	85	17	5	1			4	143
Utah	6	20	4						30
Vermont	22	16	6	1			1	1	47
Virginia	14	64	12						90
Washington	40	96	58	11		2		9	216
West Virginia	16	29	10		1			3	59
Wisconsin	67	168	70	3			1	12	321
Wyoming	9	13	3						25
Total	2,784	6,872	2,830	431	13	19	27	414	13,390

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United States whose influence largely transcends their numerical strength. We do not, we are sorry to say, reach all such persons, but we have been called the best barometer of liberal opinion in the nation. It is inevitable that a poll of our readers should show a much higher sentiment for Smith and Thomas than that prevailing in the country at large. The only surprise for us has been the strength of the Hoover vote, due in the main probably to the feeling of prohibitionists that a ballot for Smith would weaken, morally at least, our anti-liquor legislation. The total vote in *The Nation's* poll was 13,390, divided as follows: Smith (Democrat), 6,872; Thomas (Socialist), 2,830; Hoover (Republican), 2,784; Foster (Communist or Workers' Party), 431; Rogers (Anti-Bunk), 27; Reynolds (Socialist-Labor), 19; Varney (Prohibitionist), 13; Undecided, 414. The Smith vote outnumbers that for all the other candidates together.

In addition to the—to us—unexpectedly large Hoover sentiment, we are struck with the considerable number of persons who were at pains to return us a ballot saying that they were undecided. Probably a far larger number in the same boat refrained from sending back their ballots. Most of the difficulty of decision has been between Smith and Thomas, and we venture to believe that rarely in our political history have the progressively minded been so torn between a desire to express their principles or to administer an immediate rebuke to religious bigotry and social snobbishness as typified by much of the opposition to Smith.

The Smith vote is ahead of that for Thomas in every State. Hoover has a large lead over Thomas everywhere in the South except in North Carolina, and a somewhat smaller advantage in the Middle West and on the Pacific Coast, except in four States: Wisconsin, California, and Washington give Thomas more votes than Hoover, and North Dakota returns a tie. In the East, New York and New Jersey are the only States to give Thomas more votes than Hoover, but in Rhode Island and Connecticut the two men are tied. The strength of the Thomas vote is in New York State, where 930 of our readers declared themselves for him. Of these about 750 were in New York City.

We thank our subscribers for their enthusiastic cooperation in making the poll so inclusive and successful.

Borah and Hoover

THE following letter, with certain emendations, was sent by the Editor of *The Nation* to a prominent citizen in the Midwest who took exception to *The Nation's* severe criticism of the part played in this campaign by Senator William E. Borah of Idaho in supporting Herbert Hoover:

I have your long letter of October 9, and thank you for your frankness. Believe me you are not the only one who is shocked and pained and hurt. Those of us who have had faith in Mr. Borah, and have hoped against hope that he would rise to the opportunity and become, as he so easily could, a great national leader of the Progressive forces of the country, have watched his present acts with a sinking of the heart.

You speak of a man's having a right to be "regular" if he chooses. Of course, that is Senator Borah's privilege. But remember that this is the man who a few years ago denounced both parties as unworthy of public trust. More than that, there is no man in public life who has so violently criticized Mr. Hoover in public and private as Senator Borah. For him to turn around now and go to the other extreme of adulating Mr. Hoover, and declaring that he is the one man above all others to lead the country, is just a trifle too nauseating. A man must have some convictions, some principles, some standards of consistency, or else there is no use whatsoever of anyone's applying measuring-sticks of character, of public honesty, yes, of plain intellectual decency. It is bad enough to have Governor Pinchot climbing aboard the Presidential bandwagon when he, too, has fought and denounced Herbert Hoover, presumably because he feels that there would be no political future left for him if he did not do it. But to have Senator Borah make a nominating speech for Charles Curtis and campaign for Hoover is more than my flesh and blood can stand.

Do you know what Mr. Borah has said about Hoover? He charged him with "under the cover of honesty" permitting "the gathering of unconscionable profits from a charity fund." He charged him with permitting the agents of the meat-packers within the Food Administration to administer the industry so as to cripple their competitors and enrich themselves. "War powers," he exclaimed, "war powers used to destroy competitors and build up private fortunes! *No man who has such perverted views of decency ought to be intrusted with unlimited power to deal with $100,000,000.*"

On another occasion he said: "I will incorporate some figures later which will satisfy the Senator of the scandalous extortions of these companies from the people of this country. I do not want any man to operate a trust fund by my vote who thinks that those figures represent decency or honesty." Mr. Borah then charged Hoover with having made a secret agreement with the packers to dispose of their accumulated supplies of pork in Europe by the aid of this $100,000,000 appropriation. "Others may take what view they will," he said, "I cannot close my eyes to such a set of facts to my mind intolerable and indefensible." Finally, he charged Mr. Hoover with gross extravagance in the conduct of public business, and with permitting three food monopolies to run his office.

Now, it is idle to point out that in these speeches he dwelt upon the personal integrity of Mr. Hoover. He charged him at the same time with malfeasance in office, with permitting corruption, with assenting to the exploitation of the American people in war times. Good heavens! Are there any worse charges to be brought against an American? Stealing a few thousand dollars for oneself or accepting $100,000 in a black bag is not comparable to the malfeasance with which Mr. Borah charged Mr. Hoover. And now he turns round and declares that this is the one man we need to work out our national destiny! . . .

At least Mr. Borah before undertaking this change of face should have announced to the world that he grossly libeled and slandered Hoover when he made those charges, and that he wished to apologize for such monstrous wrongdoing. Then we could, perhaps, have respected him. As it is, everybody is suspecting that Senator Borah has been bought off by some agreement with Mr. Hoover in regard to his attitude toward the Kellogg treaties and the outlawry of war, if he is elected. I can assure you definitely of one thing, and that is that whatever influence Senator Borah had heretofore among the liberals of the country, there is none left today. Can you deny that if I, a private citizen, had made the charges against Mr. Hoover that Mr. Borah made under his privilege as a Senator, Mr. Hoover would have had me arrested for criminal libel, and would have sued me for civil libel?

You are right. *The Nation* has always stood for individual liberty, the right of every man to his own views and convictions. But it has also stood primarily for the right of independent and honest journalism to challenge any man who subordinates his convictions and beliefs to an emergency in which he thinks he or his cause may profit by compromise, by a glossing over of the truth, by embracing a man today whom one called a scoundrel yesterday.

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Unregenerate Diplomacy

THE seeming innocence of the official text of the Anglo-French naval accord, which was published on October 22 in London and Paris, will deceive no one who goes behind the formal documents. Ostensibly Great Britain and France followed out the suggestion of the American Minister to Belgium, Hugh Gibson, and held a friendly little meeting of their own to facilitate agreement at the next disarmament conference. The official result of these conversations was an agreement to discuss the limitation of certain classes of cruisers and submarines at the next international gathering; the actual result was the creation of a new military alliance in which Great Britain wins a more secure control over European waters in exchange for France's right to dominate the Continent with a large conscript army. The American protest against the naval accord is doubly justified by the notes printed in the British "White Paper" and the French "Blue Book." One memorandum in particular shows that the accord was founded on a plain military bargain. It is the note given to the French Foreign Office by the British Ambassador to Paris:

> Lord Crewe is instructed to add that this suggestion [acceptance of the British cruiser classification], recognized by His Majesty's Government as a concession to its view on naval limitation, permits it to give satisfaction to the French Government in withdrawing its opposition to the French point of view on trained reserves.

France emerges from the bargaining with the right to keep small submarines and a conscript reserve army while Britain wins French support for her small-cruiser program. But the British victory is of little value if the United States continues its opposition.

In spite of protestations to the contrary the Anglo-French naval accord is not dead. President Coolidge has said that the accord has been rejected by three of the five Powers, the United States, Italy, and Japan, and that therefore France and Great Britain are bound to revise it. As a matter of fact, Japan's statement on the accord is equivocal and meaningless, but this makes no difference because majority and minority votes are useless in reaching a final agreement. What matters is the sincere determination of every government involved to move as directly as possible toward genuine disarmament. The published record does not reveal such a determination either in Paris or London.

After many months of discussion the two chief European Powers abandoned faith in any thoroughgoing disarmament in Europe and agreed to support each other's favorite type of armament. That ugly fact drags the whole disarmament negotiations down to the level of petty military bargaining. The nature of the agreement was revealed with startling clarity in the French note of July 20 in which France proposes a permanent alliance if the accord is rejected by other Powers and the Preparatory Disarmament Commission is deadlocked:

> Whatever the result, even should this hope [of the acceptance of the compact by the others Powers] prove illusory, the two governments would none the less be under the urgent obligation to act in concert, either to insure success by other means or to adopt a common policy so as to deal with the difficulties which would inevitably arise from a check to the work of the Preparatory Commission.

The Death Penalty

THE new evidence emerging in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti should make every person in the United States—from radical to reactionary—pause a moment and consider the death penalty as an instrument of justice.

Year after year men are hanged or burned to death in the electric chair, put beyond recall of judge or governor, and every year dead men are found to be innocent of the crime for which they died. It seems difficult to believe that any society—even one which clung to the pound-of-flesh theory of punishment—would continue to use a method of social reprisal which eliminates even the smallest chance of righting a wrong. Who is to claim the pound of flesh for the man who is executed and later found innocent?

Of course the chance of accidental injustice is the least of the reasons to abolish capital punishment. The social effects of this form of punishment are even more deplorable. One innocent man, killed by a fallible state, is of less moment than a whole community infected with a lust for revenge, with a heated, morbid curiosity, and a perverse excitement that leads decent people to become spectators of the horrors committed in the death chamber. The orgy of newspaper sensationalism and public hysteria reached a climax recently in the hanging of William Hickman—heralded in the San Francisco *Call* in four-inch headlines and three solid pages of pictures and lurid description.

Even more undesirable than either of these results is the continued spread of a belief in what some people like to call "retributive justice." "We'll get even with him" is the simple phrasing of the impulse that animates the state and the individuals that support capital punishment and all the harsher, more brutal, forms of punishment. Only by slow steps are science and the desire for social justice combining to create a new penology. The theory of crime as the expression of a disordered personality resulting, often enough, from intolerable conditions of life; the theory of "punishment" as a measure of cure and prevention—these take hold slowly in a society still dominated by a terror of "crime waves" and a passion for revenge. But it is by the gradual spread of this scientific attitude that we are emerging from the period of barbaric cruelty in our treatment of offenders.

Unfortunately some of the steps are backward. Italy has put to death the first person to be executed there in modern times, after restoring the death penalty several years ago. On the other hand, a commission of the Reichstag which is drafting a new penal code for Germany has been strongly urged by the German Minister of Justice to include in its proposals the abolition of capital punishment. In America, too, the movement to do away with this form of legal vengeance is gaining ground. The League to Abolish Capital Punishment reports that in several States this year bills will be introduced to wipe out the death penalty. An active campaign is planned in New York to push such a measure through the Legislature at Albany. To make the work nationally effective substantial funds are needed. Here, certainly, is a cause which calls for the support of every civilized person, without regard to race, color, or political creed. The address of the League is 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THIS piece must begin with the premise that somebody noted the fact that there was no contribution from Heywood Broun in last week's *Nation*. That, of course, is a dangerous assumption. All too clearly there lingers in my mind Bide Dudley's story of his return to Emporia. He had been absent for more than a year and as he strolled up Main Street with a suit case, after alighting from the fast express, it was his notion that some one of the natives would extend him a greeting of hearty welcome. He walked a block and no one noticed him, but at the drug-store corner there loitered one who had known him before he went to Kansas City. This young idler did greet him warmly. "Hello, Bide," he said, "going away someplace?"

Accordingly, let it be recorded here at the outset that there was no "It Seems" in the magazine last week. This omission appears to have been received quite calmly. Sirens did not shriek nor were any rewards posted in public places for the return of the fugitive. I had hoped for something quite different. Two weeks ago I ventured a somewhat mild attack upon *The Nation* in which I expressed the wish that the weekly had been more fiery in its support of Smith. On that account it seemed barely possible that after the Brounless number the rumor might get about, "The man's been fired once again." However, there seems to have been no commotion of that kind although a responsible editor informs me that there drifted into the office a fair-sized number of letters saying, "Congratulations on getting rid of Broun. *The Nation* gets better with every issue."

Although no public cause was involved in the period of recess it seems to me that a rather important personal principle was at stake. My inertia was not altogether without significant motivation. The problem goes like this: Should a regular contributor to a periodical continue to send in his article even when he has nothing whatever to say? In the past, as the readers of *The Nation* well know, I have always answered that question in the affirmative. Something of the old theatrical tradition—the curtain must go up—seemed to hold me within its spell. Hot or cold I laboriously set down one little word after another. And at the bottom of the fourth page of copy paper I stopped and called it an article.

By now I have begun to doubt whether this attitude is altogether noble and praiseworthy. My revolt against regularity was not conducted in any very dramatic manner. Instead of defying the managing editor by telephone or personal visit I merely sat at home in a big chair and let the minutes roll along until it was too late to get copy to the printer.

The laborer is worthy of his hire; the artist needs an occasional vacation. To be sure "artist" is used here in the looser sense. In fact I've always liked a definition of the word which is my own and runs, "Everybody on a vaudeville program except the trained seals." And possibly this very definition precludes my being called an artist by even the widest interpretation. Any columnist is spiritually a trained seal. Filling a column is work much like balancing an umbrella on the end of the nose or twirling a large rubber ball about. It is a stunt which must be performed over and over again. If the seal succeeds in balancing the umbrella with prettiness and precision he has his reward. It will be his privilege to balance the same umbrella at the matinee next day and so on through the season. And if the columnist does well there is every chance that he will be permitted to write more columns and after that more and more and more. And unlike the seals there is no closed season on columnists.

Nor need comparison be restricted wholly to seals. The columnist is also mighty like a Russian. I mean a Russian in his sled driving across the frozen steppes closely pursued by wolves the bite of which is even worse than their howling. He cracks the whip and beats his horse without avail. There is no shaking off these ravenous pursuers. Call them wolves or editors—it makes no difference. Under these circumstances each one, the Russian and the columnist, undertakes to solve his difficulties in somewhat similar fashion. Many a peasant has thrown his children to the pack in order to evade pursuit for a little while and I have often written pieces about my son and his amusing deeds and sayings. I've given my grandfather, too, and my religion and my taste in food and drink and dancing women. Indeed reticence itself I've thrown to the wolves and it never seemed either to satisfy or choke them.

But when a man has tossed over the side of the sled all his relatives, his anecdotes, and his enthusiasms then comes the pinch, the tug-of-war between peace of mind and a brutal conscience. It is at such times that the fugitive tries to fool the wolves with a bit of the dashboard or a little something that he wrote two years ago now happily forgotten. Subscribers to journals of opinion are little better than elephants. They do not fill their trunks with water and drench the offender but neither do they forget. Each revival is met, even though the first twenty words of the introduction have been carefully rewritten, with an indignant protest: "I've read that piece before."

To which objection I would like to make the blanket reply, "What of it?" Some of these old articles of mine I find very fascinating. In a deep drawer I keep several dozen yellowed clippings of columns which I wrote some years ago. Even to me, the author, the idea and the manner are often strangely unfamiliar. At times I've stopped while examining one of these all but forgotten masterpieces to ask "Did I write that?" I find my name upon the clipping and know it must be genuine and so I murmur to myself, "I must have been good then." Under the circumstances what is there to do but add a little polish and reprint it?

The labors of the writing man are always underestimated. It takes about an hour to write a page for *The Nation*. Do not express surprise; it does require all of that. Moreover, there is more to it than the mere business of typing. Occasionally one must pause to think, and to a man who has been a journalist for twenty years thinking becomes increasingly difficult. I wish the anti-Brounites among *The Nation's* subscribers would get together and make up a purse. If each contributed it would require very little from the individual. Given a reasonable endowment I will promise to write not a line for a year's time. I'll even promise not to think.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Stresemann

By EMIL LUDWIG

Have I changed my opinions? Of course. I do not think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.—Abraham Lincoln.

"WHOEVER would play real-politik must also have daring dreams." This *bon mot* of Stresemann's is more characteristic of his education than of his way of life. It is a rare thing in post-war Germany for one of a literary turn of mind to take up politics. Before the war it was forbidden; one quickly became ridiculous in the Reichstag, and closed the doors of a Cabinet career upon oneself if one were accused of having written a book which was not merely political—a tragedy or even verse. Even the descendants of noble families, who occasionally displayed their decadence in verse, were very careful not to let their literary efforts go beyond the inner circle of their friends, much less to print them. One did not dream in Prussia; that was permitted only in Austria, where rigid discipline was much too wanting, as Viennese music indirectly proves.

It was also forbidden to study philosophy, even that of Hegel, which, after all, was royal Prussian. When Bethmann-Hollweg took charge of the government his enemies hugely enjoyed pointing out that this man had studied Kant. Only in a few isolated legations or consulates sat a couple of distinguished gentlemen who closed the chancellery doors tight when one of our kind appeared, and then enjoyed a real conversation. Only a few truly educated men ruled in the Wilhelmstrasse between the days of Humboldt and those of Bülow. Prince von Bülow was only able to conceal his unusual intellectual equipment through the charm of his conversation, which he so embellished with innumerable anecdotes in various languages that his education could not hurt him at Court. None the less, people laughed at him because he could freely quote from "Faust."

The shadow which lies upon our young Republic comes first of all from the Social Democrats, who were earliest called to its government. Not only the nobility, but middle-class citizens and, finally, thousands of young Socialists realized with curiosity and astonishment the fact that the first popular representatives whom the nation picked to govern itself were for the most part even worse educated than were their aristocratic predecessors. Even if they had better manners than the public expected of them, they were still lacking in most of those things which at a turning-point in history a statesman ought to know if only for purposes of comparison and control. It was not sufficient merely to throw overboard Bismarck or merely to venerate the Republicans of 1848.

The first highly educated man to astonish the Germans and the world by his genius in statesmanship was Walther Rathenau; the second is Stresemann. Instead of the ministers who for thirty years had combined the education of corps students or of officers of the guard with the inherited and acquired routine of older, in some cases deserving, families of officials; instead of trade unionists and party secretaries, these astonishing men stepped forward and showed that they not only knew Goethe and Socrates intimately, but that they understood and could put their fingers upon the elements and the chief figures of Germany's history. They made many a difficult question easier for the people to decide by analyzing its evolution and historic significance. Inborn oratorical ability, however different in the two men, enabled them to mobilize their education for the tasks of each day.

A comparison of this pair, the most important statesmen whom the Republic has produced in these ten years, illuminates many things, but their resemblance ends here. For, while Rathenau by education and character was driven to a more or less Tolstoian view of the world, which he unfortunately never translated into deeds and only partially expressed theoretically, Stresemann, the realist, the bourgeois opponent of socialism, is in sharp contrast to this reformer-nature. Stresemann has a surer political vision and much more precise political tactics. Rathenau was more a citizen of the world than a German; Stresemann is throughout and at heart German, and he undertook international politics only because he recognized their value for the Germany of today. Both believed themselves to be dreamers on occasions, wrote verse, and loved music, but Rathenau was in truth more of a philosopher than a statesman, and Stresemann organizes his dreams as if they were mathematical figures. The romantic undertone which both have heard in their hearts was more dangerous for Rathenau; for Stresemann it is an embellishment of life. The former belonged to an old and overripe race; the latter to a sober people determined to rise, whose strongest sons regard the collapse of their country, which is now almost a thing of the past, as merely an interlude. Metaphysically it was logical that Rathenau's nature, made up of minor tones, should end in so senseless a way before the times were ripe for his ideals, while the active major strain of the other man is better fitted to rouse the country, and is therefore endured despite the fact that he does the right thing.

For six years Stresemann, despite his political past, has, in fact, done the right thing. And he does it at the risk of his life and the sacrifice of his health; he does it contrary to his former ideas; in a certain sense he does it in spite of himself. The son of a beer merchant in the east end of Berlin, he rapidly grew out of the atmosphere of the petty bourgeoisie by dint of his natural curiosity, his ambition, and his gifts. But when he, a young doctor of philosophy, wrote about the retail trade in bottled beer one saw at once how ready he was to tie up his economic studies with the things he had seen in his childhood, and he still pleases us by this same sort of realism. When he was secretary of the board of directors of the Saxon Industrialists, and later a sort of syndic for them, he was more concerned with the condition of the laborers than is usual in the position which he held, but less so than with the condition of the capitalists whom he served. It was surely natural that a young man who grew up in narrow circles should be more sympathetic toward the masters and directors of the international business world than was the son of the rich contractor Rathenau, who, according to the

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law of opposites and the trend of the times, was more interested in the lot of the workingmen than in the dividends of the manufacturers.

So Stresemann, who at twenty-six years of age fought in the Lower Chamber of the Saxon Parliament for the representation therein of big business, and who had been devoting his life to the expansion of German industry, found himself naturally drawn, in the Kaiser's Germany, to the political advocates of expansion. At thirty years of age he was one of the National Liberal members of the Reichstag, and he had to be at least as strongly national as he was liberal. But in 1912 he made a study of American industry and in a speech in Toronto, widely circulated by the Association of Canadian Manufacturers, he warned against a German-American war. At the same time he made the acquaintance of Woodrow Wilson, who impressed him profoundly. By 1914 he wanted to start with Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, a German company for world trade—all of which showed that he was in truth an imperialist, but that he did not desire war as a means to economic power.

With the outbreak of the war, however, Stresemann's ideals changed. One cannot quarrel with him greatly because he assumed that the war had been plotted by England out of commercial jealousy, for that was a universal German formula at that time, and in his circles it became a sort of auto-suggestion. Much more unfortunate was his error in believing that England could be destroyed by submarines, that America was not to be feared, and that above all else Belgium should "never again become a *glacis* for England." (*Glacis* and *prestige* are two French words which did more damage among us Germans than all the French cannon.) He approved both of the violent treaties which Germany dictated in the East, opposed Bethmann, and as late as June, 1918, Kühlmann. But when one looks back with the perspective of ten years, though at least in the last case he was wrong, one cannot help admiring the brilliant speeches which Stresemann, energetic, optimistic, eager for action, blew into his trumpet, even if the trumpet had long been full of holes.

It is also in his favor that he did not on November 9, 1918, like so many of his associates, at once swear fealty to the new flag, but, on the contrary, warned against the dethronement of the Kaiser. Then he wavered, perforce, for a few months between the new and the old; he voted in the Weimar Parliament against the signing of the peace of Versailles, and spoke of the disgraceful days of the Revolution. At the same time he placed himself squarely upon "the platform of facts"—it is a wonder that this platform did not collapse with all the people who hastened to take their stand upon it! He even cautiously attempted to mediate at the time of the monarchist coup of Kapp and Ludendorff in March, 1920, and he denounced the general strike, although that was the only way to defeat those ill-prepared conspirators.

And then the irony of history called upon him to complete what he had damned for so many years. When Wirth and Rathenau, facing an outburst of anger from the nation, first recognized that Germany must begin to carry out the demands of her former enemies in order to convince them that complete fulfilment was impossible; when the great moral counter-offensive began which shattered the prejudices of the world against Germany (and was as clever at it was pathetic), Stresemann was in the front rank of those who fought against it. But he never did this with the comfortable rhetorical methods of the German Nationalists. He did not wish war, but negotiation, and he desired to carry out the duties imposed by the peace, not as duties, but only for compensation. He opposed unconditional fulfilment. For that reason he also supported Chancellor Cuno's fight in the Ruhr, and pleaded for passive resistance against the active invasion of the French. Meanwhile, through his founding and leadership of the new German People's Party, he had gained so much influence that the decision as to this policy in the Ruhr could not have been made, or at least not so rapidly, without his approval.

When, however, in the fall of 1923 he took over the government as Imperial Chancellor, it was Stresemann's first duty to abandon Cuno's fight in the Ruhr, and his second to carry on Rathenau's fulfilment policy. He used other methods, and it appears that his means were the more fitting. Above all, however, it was time—three years having passed—which justified the policy of fulfilment. In the hundred days of his chancellorship he prevented a threatened civil war by stabilizing the mark, and by this step made it possible that America, which meanwhile had become more neutral-minded than the countries most immediately concerned, should take up the problem of Germany's annual reparations payments. The Dawes Plan became possible only when the German currency which had entirely lost its value during the passive resistance in the Ruhr had again been stabilized. All of this could be achieved only by recognizing the treaty and repeating: "We shall pay." Because of those words Rathenau had been murdered. Rathenau's opponent, Stresemann, spoke them later and with much greater success.

At this later time, too, the policy was neither easy nor without danger. "Whoever opposes the Dawes Plan mobilizes one of the greatest world Powers against himself," said Stresemann, and when, in the Reichstag, a Nationalist cried out at him that he was making a splendid defense for the enemy, Stresemann, the composed and elegant debater, lost patience and judgment and shouted "Infamous!" at his interrupter. For the first time in seventeen years in the Reichstag he found himself called to order—an event of which he can, of course, be proud. But for a long time after that he was guarded by police whenever he went out.

When Stresemann had answered France's first threatening demand for reparations, his response to her next demand, for security, was almost foreordained. It had been recognized earlier that only a solvent Germany could pay, and that the economic interests of all the states concerned were interwoven. Now people began to understand that the states bordering on the Rhine were even politically much too closely associated to be able to live there peacefully without a definite agreement.

Here begins Stresemann's personal and historic service to Germany. Up to that time he had made clever moves which were instinctive. Now he began to force himself, for the sake of the fatherland, to play European politics. It was no pacifist and no philosopher who went forth to negotiate the Rhine pact; on the contrary, he was attacked by the pacifists, who at first could not follow his thoughts and were justified in questioning his motives. In the spring of 1925 he began to play for the future of Europe with a most clever note to France, a note supported, perhaps even instigated, by Lord d'Abernon, the English Ambassador in Berlin, and in the fall at Locarno he achieved far more than

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a mere treaty. "No country has been taken advantage of in Locarno, and none has triumphed," said Chamberlain. The leaders of the four nations met and came to know one another not merely as equals but as friends.

But the new Germany was so ill prepared for all this that Stresemann and his suite had to leave for Locarno from a railroad station which was barred to the public, and at an unexpected hour. On his return he read in a Nationalist paper that he was worse than a highway murderer. Stresemann accustomed the Germans to sit in the League of Nations, a step for which a few of us outsiders, despite the scorn of our countrymen, had been fighting from the beginning of 1918, a step which Rathenau had recommended in 1921. Only now, as a result of this fortunate chain of events, has Stresemann become European.

But it is merely interesting, and not very important, whether what is right is done because of an inner vision or whether understanding follows after the event. The important thing is that the right thing be done, and that is Stresemann's great service to Europe.

The Germany of Today

By IGNAZ WROBEL

EVERY nation sees foreign nations as types rendered coarse through ignorance and national pride, and with a chauvinism that is often dictated by commercial interests. Speech is not an unconquerable obstacle; a nationalist education is a much more serious one.

How does Germany look today seen from without? The American who wants to picture Germany to himself will disregard the average German-American publications, which are not entitled to, and are furthermore incapable of, giving any pertinent account of the new Germany since they know it only superficially, if at all. A people, like the American, who possess so strong a sense of reality, is not to be served up with outmoded ideology. Let us confine ourselves to the facts.

Two questions are constantly put to Germans by foreigners who want to post themselves on German conditions: Do you believe that there will be a new war? And is Germany really a republic, or will the monarchy come back? The answer to the first of these questions is that the fundamentally warlike character of the Germans has not been changed at all by a defeat which they do not like to admit. But Germany's physical position is opposed to this fundamental character; the country is overpopulated, and the present anarchy among the states is not calculated to make a government, law abiding in foreign affairs, out of a nation which has always worshiped force. But despite the wild efforts of the militarists, Germany is not preparing a new war, because its business men cannot profit by it at this time. Much more is the German ideal directed toward making as much as possible out of a new war which may be run off between other nations on another stage. Germany constitutes no greater war danger for Europe than any other state that even in this day and generation believes in its absolute sovereignty and is prepared to defend it with force of arms at all times. The secret preparations which Germany actually was making under the now overthrown War Minister Gessler have as good as ceased in this form. What is carried on today is a far-sighted military policy furthered by the very clever and very dangerous General von Seekt, and furthered also by the industrial interests, above all by the dye industry, which has big stakes in the preparation of poison gas and other new war materials. Europe is not pacified but peace will not suffer today or even tomorrow.

As far as the other question—that of the possible duration of the German Republic—is concerned, it is not correctly put for Germany. It is much less important for modern European states whether they are organized as republics or monarchies than what economic forms they make use of. In Germany of late there has been a considerable readjustment of wealth, as Morus in his work (published by S. Fisher, Berlin) has pointed out, but the basic economic character of the country has changed only in one aspect; it is an approach to something which we might call state socialism, if by that we understand an administrative control of heavy industries by the state, a control whereby the thing controlled is many times more powerful than all its controlling organs put together.

Hence a return of the monarchy in Germany seems improbable to me, because the monarchists have no important candidates and, above all, no candidates on whom they can agree. Catholic Bavaria and Protestant Prussia will not unite so easily on this question. The Kaiser has not played for a long time in Germany the role ascribed to him abroad; he is in the process of being forgotten, and it is indicative of the eternally non-political thinking of the sentimental Germans that his shady dealings in money matters, his desertion of the army, and all his tactlessness have not injured him so much as the fact of his second marriage. This has estranged him from many of his closest followers.

The consequences of the Treaty of Versailles should not be overestimated in spite of all propaganda. It is not true that Germany is impoverished—the country did lose a great deal through the war, but if large sections of the population are badly off today, it is above all the fault of bad organization which frustrates consumption and pays attention only to production without troubling itself who is to make use of the produce or who can. The standard of living of the Germans compared with American ideas has never been very high and is not so even today; the standard of living of a middle-class employee who earns from $35 to $40 a week is not a high one, while his pleasure in life is less than his surprising and rather stupidly disciplined elasticity. Germany, especially in the North, is not a happy country.

It is not happy because the idea of "service" dominates life—"service" with an entirely different meaning from that of the word in America, which country Germany is trying to imitate, but in many fields merely succeeds in caricaturing. Instead of the management of industry in Germany, as in many other modern countries, being reconstituted on commercial principles, the industries here have been reformed with the political government as a model; the bank clerk in Germany is glad to call himself an "official," which lends him dignity in his eyes and a higher

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social standing. This results in a certain ceremoniousness in practical business which writes, catalogues, specifies, and organizes far too much, so that one can say that in Germany *one* man works for every thirty-three who organize his work. This is a burden on business which is not without its dangers.

What the German intellectuals, the liberal spirits, and a portion of the workers suffer under is a constantly increasing reaction in the courts, the government, and in domestic policies; in which connection, however, Prussia, in spite of its former reputation, seems freer today than the other federated states, for example, Bavaria with its scandalous government.

The personality of the President of the Reich has not so great an importance in this connection as is perhaps assumed by people on the outside. Of course, the great majority do *not* revere the President of the Republic as a man, but just as Germany in official reports continues to be referred to as the Reich, so the masses see in this sober and dutiful man the imperial general whose decisive defeats in the war have not injured his reputation in Germany in the slightest; the people's training on the drill ground has proved too effective for anything else. Hindenburg keeps his oath to the German Constitution and has greatly disappointed his monarchist and strongly reactionary followers; a coup d'etat or anything else faithless is hardly to be expected from him.

It is strange how Germany is represented abroad. The German Ambassador in Washington belongs to the best people and there has appeared elsewhere in diplomatic circles a type of German who must even now give foreigners the impression that the whole country consists of correct but not very intelligent and altogether unintellectual caricatures of the imperial era. Even after that gentle German disturbance, to which we have given the name "revolution," we have refrained from disturbing the privileges of the old officialdom. The respect which was formerly paid to party functionaries who got into power, and who were sly, limited petty bourgeois, was by tradition far too great, so that, especially in the foreign service, a group of officials has remained at the helm which even today represents Germany in an unfortunate manner.

I know that the profoundest needs of the European states will not be so interesting across the ocean as they are to us; the American quite rightly wants to know merely how things are going in Germany, whether or not he can do business with the country, and what sort of people they are. Let him be told this much: The Germans are the same people that they always were: thorough, very industrious, good workers, intelligent, clean-cut, and energetic, with all the disadvantages accompanying these qualities, which can very easily be parodied. Added to this, there has existed since the war a somewhat noisy national feeling, which—like the sacrificial attitude of the ex-Kaiser—is surprised if you take it at its word. It blares away on its trumpet and is astonished if you interpret its signals as an alarum. If things go well, it stands by its lesson of force. If things go badly, it possesses, as the Viennese, Karl Kraus, has expressed it, "a vengeful innocence." The Germans are bad losers.

The American point of view which sees the Continent as one whole Continent is right and understands our times: instead of this patchwork of states we need the United States of Europe, for pacifying the world.

The German Social Democracy

By EMIL RABOLD

EVEN parties are subject to old age. If they do not understand how to stay young by infusions of new blood, they have as little chance of escaping the law of death as any other forms of life.

The German Social Democracy has become an antiquated party. Not only are its acts in open conflict with its original program, but they often conflict with a constantly rejuvenating social life. They no longer express the requirements of social conditions, and they collide more and more frequently with a realist policy which must be directed beyond the small or petty advantages of every day to the great goal of creating a new future for the world.

The road that lies behind the Social Democracy is a long one. Its founding took place in the period of the establishment of the German Reich under Bismarck, in the heyday of the creation of the new German Empire. With the revolutionary objectives it then had it seemed to the wielders of power like a dangerous creation, damaging and dishonoring the greatness of the Reich; and Bismarck made a bold attempt to annihilate it with his special laws, an attempt on which he himself foundered at the end of his rule. The years of the anti-socialist laws were the fire in which the Social Democracy forged its weapons for the struggle in the coming decades. They were shining and naked weapons with which that generation of leaders, tried and strengthened by the special laws, struck their blows against the political follies of Wilhelm II. They did it with so much address that the party's following continued to grow larger and larger, so that not only the workers flocked to the Social Democratic banner, but also the active elements among the intellectual bourgeoisie felt themselves, the nearer the World War came, more and more drawn to the Social Democracy.

The party lost much of its rallying power as the war went on. Called in the hour of need, by the leaders under Wilhelm II, to participate in the defense of the fatherland, the Social Democracy thought it saw a new era dawning. The party which until that hour had always been reviled and scorned was now suddenly utilized for positive accomplishments and it carried them out without even presenting counter-demands to those who were demanding help. As a result the attitude of the Social Democracy in the war was frequently distinguished from the policy of other parties more by nuance than by fact. It had become an almost involuntary tool of the imperial war policies. This drove away from its banner not only the toiling masses which had so long followed it, but even the bourgeois intelligentsia, who, in so far as they succeeded in drawing the veil from the war and seeing the naked interests behind it, turned from the Social Democracy and strove

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to realize their former ideals under braver party symbols.

The downfall of the imperial power in November, 1918, took the Social Democratic leaders as much by surprise as it did the most tried supporters of the Throne. The members of the Social Democratic Party had dreamed of a victorious war and a social empire that would give them opportunity for a series of far-reaching reforms, for which the Social Democracy after it had committed its original sin with the outbreak of the war (which was soon followed by others) strove, while holding the outbreak of a revolution impossible. Out of the fragments of the debacle arose the Republic, whose social form was no cause for joy to the masses who had formerly belonged to the Social Democracy and to whom the goal of a Socialist state was still worth striving for. Generations had fought for it. Now they saw that all that had happened was a change of rulers. The social conditions remained the same.

The Social Democracy believes that the social basis of the Republic permits only of a sharing of power. Now, there is almost no such thing as politics without compromise, but opportunism must have its limits somewhere. Compromises at all costs in the end weaken the party, rob it of its force, make it an accommodating football for its opponents, decimate its following who demand tangible political results or turn away disappointed and try their luck with its rivals, who seem to offer them better chances for fulfilment of their desires. In Germany the Social Democrats have found their most powerful rivals in the Communists, who have undertaken to carry on the Socialist policies from the point at which the Social Democracy stopped before the war. The leftward swing of the masses is going on unceasingly.

To the unfortunate organization of functionaries and paid officials which every large party produces in the course of its own growth the Social Democratic Party has added a wholly new group, a limitless sea of higher state and municipal officials, lifelong members of the party, whose worry about existence has been lifted from them and who, in accord with their altered economic circumstances, advise an altered party program, that is to say, one more and more deviating from the policies of socialism.

This altered sociological structure of the party corresponds with its changed political tactics and it is therefore not to be assumed that the party will rejuvenate itself from within. It will split on the rock of compromise and will be weakened by lack of new blood which can come only through the youth. But this youth does not happen to be in the Social Democracy any longer. It goes in for sports, or it is Nationalist, or—Communist!

The Revolt of German Women

By CARL VON OSSIETZKY

MUCH has changed in Germany in the last ten years, but still more, despite new trappings, remains the same at heart. The politicians are not much cleverer than they used to be. The tradespeople have a somewhat larger spirit and feel injured when one charges them, even in jest, with respectability. They adopt a pose of refined and lax business morals. They consider that international and, if you will excuse my saying so, American. But behind this frivolous attitude one occasionally catches a glimpse of a good old-fashioned German donkey's ear. All this is not new. Even the high military officers are just the same as they used to be, and if they were not so weak they would repeat the old stupidities. The only thing in Germany which has fundamentally changed is the German woman.

I am aware that there is a certain exaggeration in so summary a judgment. I know that there is a great working-class stratum, a sort of sub-humanity, whose conditions of life have not changed since Pharaoh's day. There woman is the traditional beast of burden for men and children; femininity dies in the endless march from stove to washtub. And I do not deny that in the bourgeoisie there is a type which preserves its morals, prejudices, and clothes unchanged from a vanished age, which wears its hair as the Crown Princess did in 1905, as a sort of shibboleth against the madness of today, or twists it into a thin knot at the back of the neck as an expression of the protest of the German spirit against those forces which have taken away from us not only the Kaiser but the holiness of matrimony and the sacred shimmer of virginity. I am thinking, however, of the vast army of women who have been forced by modern progress into industrial life, who are working in every conceivable profession, and have even created new professions for themselves. They make the picture of the great cities. They determine the forces of our outer life wherever industry, business activity, and production are at hand. The independent working woman is the representative of her sex in Germany today, not the woman whose activity is confined to the domestic circle.

Berlin reporters are always happy when distinguished foreigners inform them that Berlin women are the chicest and most elegant whom they have seen upon their travels. I do not take that very seriously and I am convinced that the gentlemen would make the same comment in San Luis Potosi or in Vladivostok. But I should like to emphasize the fact that the Berlin streets are never more charming than in the afternoon between five o'clock and eight when the women are coming home from business. There is a breath of serenity, of freedom in these armies of women, some of whom are going home, not for the rest or pleasure, but to more work and domestic duties, and almost all of whom are overburdened with financial worries. In the old

—*Martha Bensley Bruère*

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days the streets were at their brightest in the promenade hours, at shopping time, when the ladies of the virtuous middle class took their clothes out on display, when their daughters promenaded with their intendeds, and the daring married woman with her *cicisbeo*. But that is all gone.

The type of the German woman today is precisely the same as everywhere else in the world—short hair, short skirts, flesh-colored stockings. The current lines of fashion are strictly adhered to; gymnastics determine the figure, Coty the perfume and color. The articles of clothing which are not usually visible are the empire of the new silk industry in Germany. It is the same as everywhere else—equalization, standardization. Class distinctions are being erased. Caste characteristics are disappearing.

Perhaps the change was sharper and more violent in Germany than elsewhere. The war took the women out of their protected homes and heaped upon them a burden of responsibilities. The revolution bestowed upon them civil rights for which they had never fought a mass battle. The high priestesses of women's rights never had much volume in their voices. The struggle of the individual woman who had become conscious of the narrowness of her bourgeois existence was always directed rather to social and human than to political emancipation. She was fighting for self-determination against the dominance of her family, for the right to win or lose a living; fighting, in sum, to make her own choice of a husband or to share her life with the man of her choice without a wedding certificate. This is the classical theme of emancipation literature from George Sand on. In 1914 the case of women's freedom in Germany was still desperately bad. The women and girls who espoused such ideas were considered either outlawed or insane. Ten years later the battle had been won along the entire front, and today anyone bothering to discuss the right of a woman to her own social and erotic existence would make himself absurd. Freedom has conquered.

As often occurs, the battle was won quite accidentally without a conscious struggle or a program. None of the old apostles of women's rights dreamed of such a dizzy victory for their ideals. The great magician who accomplished the change was inflation. Inflation disappropriated the old bourgeoisie which had lived upon its income more radically than any German Lenin could have done. The war destroyed the conventional sex morality, and love emerged, stripped of imported romance, as an imperative physical necessity. The public liquidation occurred in the winter of 1919 when the men came back from the war; it arrived in Berlin, and later in all the big cities, in the form of costume balls at which all the avidity of a long-suppressed vitality broke out with orgiastic vehemence. That winter the old morality was strangled by confetti streamers to an accompaniment of fiddles and clarinets. The new principles were simple enough: we want to live, and life is short. . . . Then came the three years of depreciation when money lost its value. Poverty, instead of skirmishing about the upper and lower borders of society, struck straight at its heart and dispossessed the strata which for a century had been the bearers of German civilization and had crystallized their ethical standards into law. Fortunes exploded between morning and evening. Property which had been nursed and increased through generations turned into mere handfuls of bank notes which at a telephone call from the Stock Exchange degenerated into a matter of pennies. Then a new and shameful army of parvenus marched upon this ruin as into a conquered city and dragged the women of the conquered houses with them like camp-followers. There was an unprecedented clearance sale of the moral accumulations of a century. Good solid married women who had had to carry the burden of keeping the family going sold themselves for hard cash, and their husbands looked in the other direction when they did not themselves take over the management of the business. Sheltered girls in whose presence no improper word had ever been spoken sold themselves; their parents kept silence when they did not act as intermediaries. Sexual morality does not drop upon us out of the ether, but is very primitively related to the general economic circumstances. The year 1923 was an impressive demonstration for those who would derive morality from an inborn instinct for the noble and beautiful.

We are back in a period of calm today. The bacchanal reached its end, and the maenads looked about for work, and when they found it, it seemed as if they had always had it. The matter-of-course manner in which they went into purgatory and came out of it is perhaps the most important characteristic of these years. No emotion, no pathos. Many sank into the lost army of street prostitution, which in Germany as elsewhere recruits its members from the unemployed in times of crisis. Today the new status has established itself. Women are an intimate part of industrial life and even those who do not need it seek a profession. The good, do-nothing, home girl who was led about by a holy alliance of aunts and relatives and had to wait for a husband chosen by her parents has entirely disappeared. The number of wives who are so dependent upon their husbands that they have to put up with their ill humors has markedly decreased. There has been a vast increase in the number of free unions which can be dissolved without great external difficulty. The trend to erotic self-determination has won the day with the women; and thus a new element has come into society, which cannot be described in traditional terms. The forms of the new feminine society are still uncertain. This at least is sure: the women are constantly evolving toward a new class predestined by the possibilities of their sex. They have one common trait: they have broken the solidarity of the old classes. The ex-aristocrat is attracted by bourgeois life, and the daughter of a common laborer, as salesgirl or stenographer, is striving toward the same goal. The middle-class girl throws herself into art and literature, enlarges the population of Bohemia, and popularizes the ideas of her friends.

It would take too long to go into the tragedies and comedies of this still undeveloped movement. But I may add a few words about the men, who, after all, are not quite indifferent. They have shown a certain talent in adaptation, but certain types formerly common have suffered a pretty complete defeat: the Philistine and the Don Juan. The first has lost his market value. His virtues no longer seem impressive, and his domestic constancy contradicts the desire for breadth and tempo. And what is there left for Don Juan? His melting eyes seem ludicrous, for they are no longer turned upon women who never look up without blushing. The lady killer can find no subjects to work upon. When women talk freely upon intimate subjects, openly stress the amusingness of love, and no longer load it down with the bad conscience and dark problematics of Ibsen's day—what is there left for the seducer? Poor Don Juan! Self-determination, and self-control; freedom, but renunciation of distant and cloudy Utopias—that is the un-

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written but deeply felt program of our women of today. I should like to add as a postscript a document which once landed upon my editorial table and which shows how a clever woman who has much esprit and little money faces reality:

> The trouble with modern men is their neuroses. Learn to understand their worries and juggle before their eyes a paradise of possible methods of escape. If you are yourself weak, for heaven's sake do not turn to your lover but go to a clever nerve specialist; he will advise you how to get along with neurotic men. Have nothing to do with men who dominate you. Sex docility may create a short and stormy joy, but you will buy it at the expense of your own personality. Never delude yourself with the dream of 100 per cent happiness. That is a criminal speculation. Content yourself meanwhile with 20 to 70 per cent cases; in the end they will add up into a stately total, and the time is short. And always remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive! Amen.
>
> Amen.

Young Germany

By H. D. HILL

DURING the years 1922-1923 we read a great deal about the German Youth Movement. During the years 1925-1926 we read a great deal less about it, and the general impression was that it had divided, dissented, and died. Consequently, it was a little surprising, in the first week of 1928, to find a sky-sign across the front of the Leipzig station reading, "Visit the Young Germany Exposition," and to discover that in less than a month over 45,000 people had obeyed that injunction. The great majority of visitors were school-children who came in their class groups, but aside from the unemployed, who were admitted free, 12,000 tickets were used by adults, so that the spontaneity of a large part of the attendance seemed unquestionable. When one looked about at the people who were in the exhibition at any given time one saw, too, how widely the interest was distributed. Bourgeois with circumferential watch-chains, workers in rough clothes and shabby overcoats, deaconesses in starched white caps, scores of young men and women from twenty-five to thirty, all these were there in addition to hordes of small boys. It was obvious that the youth of Germany is still a matter of public interest.

Yet the present Youth Movement is not, indeed, the Youth Movement of the years just after the war. It is quite true that that movement is in a sense dead. The first years after the Revolution seemed to hold a promise of a new world built by an unshackled youth. The emotion of the nation's crisis, and the institutional confusion which accompanied it, temporarily unified within the movement a wide range of elements. But the old world proved to be made of stubborn stuff; little by little it became obvious that concrete programs, not mass idealism, were required to alter it; for many the exuberance of a new freedom was damped by the stark necessities of earning a living. The splitting up which followed was wholly natural. In the first place, the Youth Movement was approached by a whole series of older organizations eager to capture it. The drive which would accrue to whatever group could control its energy was not lost upon the political parties, upon the churches, upon various cultural groups such as those eager to preserve the traditions of the separate states, upon the government itself. All of these have made vigorous and in the main successful efforts to relate at least a part of the Youth Movement to themselves. The fact that there are almost 100 recognized youth organizations in Germany today bears witness to the extent to which division has gone. It has not been wholly due to outside causes, however: the problem of the different interests of succeeding generations has been felt—even in the Youth Movement. The pre-war youth movement of bourgeois origin, which was a revolt against middle-class formalities, is today without a base. The conventions against which it revolted have today the same somewhat stale flavor as the macaroon scene in "The Doll's House." The youth who sang around the bonfires of 1920 now find that they are slightly older; and that feeling is increased by the fact that the changes which were to make the better world in which they believed are coming at a rate less exhilarating than they had supposed. On the other hand, the youngsters who can only just remember the war, and who, since the stabilization of 1924, have been growing up in an improving world, treat life as a very normal affair. It is easy to understand their response to the call of the sport associations, groups organized solely for physical training and games, which were founded with an eye to filling the gap left by the discontinuance of military training.

There are 9,100,000 youngsters between fourteen and twenty-one in Germany; the youth associations number 5,516,200 among their members. While a few persons between twenty-one and twenty-five are included in the latter figure it gives a fair idea of the great proportion of German youth definitely organized. There is a considerable degree of liaison between the different groups. Their work is integrated on its administrative side by the Reichsausschuss der Deutschen Jugendverbände in Berlin, which arranges *Tagungen,* festivals and celebrations and speakers, and also assists in pooling the experiences of its members. The various states of the Reich are also in close local contact with the various youth organizations through their unemployment, health, and relief agencies. Further, through the Verband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen, they have facilitated the arrangement of summer tramping trips by requiring inn-keepers to take in wanderers and by either erecting new buildings or permitting the use of old castles for vacation homes and halting places for trampers; from 1920 to 1926 the number of rest-houses for the youth movement in Saxony alone grew from 72 to 155, and the number of persons accommodated from 13,000 to 245,000 per year. Still another relation of the states to working youth is through the development of the *Volkshochschulen,* for though the People's Colleges make no discrimination on the basis of age, at least half of their students are less than twenty-five years old. Likewise with regard to the libraries: 38 per cent of the readers in the Berlin city libraries

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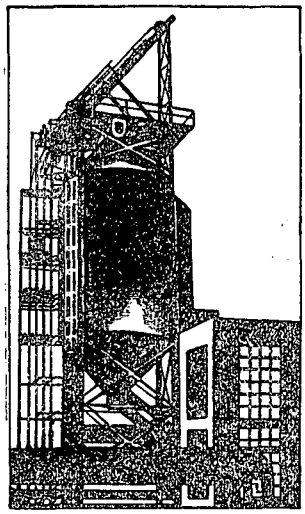
are not yet eighteen. The contact of these government agencies with the youth groups makes the conditions under which the youth of Germany is growing up a definite interest of the state, and since 88 per cent of the youngsters between fourteen and twenty are earning their own living this means informed public attention to industrial problems of hours of work, wages, apprenticeships, housing conditions, health, as well as to spare-time activities.

There is a point, however, at which the desirability of these government connections may be questioned. One of the outstanding characteristics of the youth movement of the immediately post-war years was its spontaneity. Today as well, if one chances, for instance, to talk with members of the Socialist youth movement, one finds a certain number of young men and women who speak with passion of their will to maintain a standard of life, and, beyond, to save that intangible which is known as personality. One is inclined to wonder how difficult it is going to be for them to maintain this attitude along with increasing administrative regulations; whether the aim of the members toward creating persons is going to clash with the preference of the organizers for dealing with types.

The Youth Movement has played, and is playing, a vivid part in cultivating a feeling for individual personal value in Germany. The gay costumes, the wood-carving and painting, the revival of folk songs to the tune of wayside guitars—the whole picturesque side about which so much has been published—are only the trappings of an inner idea. In so far as this idea is captured, the youth organizations will be turned into the agencies of an administrative paternalism; they will still be useful, but in a social-service sense of reparation for bad conditions left over from the past. In so far as the idea can keep its spontaneity it will be a dynamic in the growing republic.

Germany, an Economic Colony

By ROBERT R. KUCZYNSKI



ECONOMIC and financial recovery in Germany has made such enormous progress in the last four years that one might almost speak of a return to "normalcy"—if this recovery were not largely due to the influx of foreign funds, that is, to an artificial stimulus. Those foreign funds enabled the German borrowers to expand their business. With increasing economic activity, receipts from customs duties and taxes increased. The internal raising of reparation payments thereby became comparatively easy. Foreign exchange became so abundant as to provide both for the transfer of the reparation payments and for the payment of the ever-increasing imports.

A casual observer may indeed be perfectly satisfied with the present monetary, fiscal, and economic situation in Germany. He may point to the fact that production, real wages, stock dividends, railway earnings, and the foreign trade balance are pretty much the same as in pre-war times. Does this, however, mean that conditions are once more normal? The national income, to be sure, is steadily increasing. But how about the national wealth? If we understand by national wealth the assets of German citizens and public bodies minus their debts, we cannot escape the fact that the German national wealth is steadily decreasing. The Dawes Plan was to establish a foreign financial control of the Reich. It has, in addition, accelerated the foreign economic penetration of Germany. No one can tell exactly how large the German assets of foreigners are at this time. But we can make a rough estimate.

The railway bonds issued according to the Dawes Plan amount to 2.6 billion dollars. If we capitalize the reparation obligations to be paid out of the transportation tax (yearly 69 million dollars) and if we include the stock and bonds of German shipping companies, elevated railways, etc., bought by foreigners, the total foreign burden of the German transportation companies aggregates about 4 billion dollars. The industrial debentures issued according to the Dawes Plan amount to 1.2 billion dollars. If we add the foreign loans granted to German industrial companies and the industrial stock, factories, etc., owned by foreigners we arrive at a total of about 2.5 or 3 billion dollars. The nominal value of the German loans publicly issued abroad since 1924—excluding the loans to German industrial and transportation companies—is 1.1 billion dollars. If we add the other long-term credits and the stock, domestic bonds, mortgages, etc., purchased by foreigners (excluding, of course, industry and transportation), we arrive at another total of about 2.5 or 3 billion dollars. The pre-war value of the Berlin real estate owned by foreigners is 1 or 1½ billion dollars. The pre-war value of the total German real estate owned by foreigners in all probability is about 4 or 5 billion dollars. If we disregard the foreign short-term credits granted to German firms—because they may possibly be offset by Germany's foreign assets—and if we likewise disregard the other reparation obligations of Germany (yearly 229 million dollars to be paid out of the Reich's budget)—although they represent a capitalized value of at least 3 billion dollars—we arrive at a grand total of 13 or 15 billion dollars for the net assets of foreigners in Germany. Since the aggregate value of German property (excluding the necessary household goods, but including the property owned by foreigners) is probably 50 or 60 billion dollars, we come to the conclusion that at least one-fourth of the German property already belongs to foreigners. And this percentage is bound to increase since Germany's yearly foreign obligations, including reparation payments, amount to about one billion dollars, which, in part or wholly, will have to be borrowed abroad.

The similarity with pre-war conditions which Germany seems to present if one merely studies production, real wages, stock dividends, railway earnings, or the foreign trade balance is certainly most conspicuous, but it would

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be a big mistake to overlook the fundamental difference. Before the war, Germany was economically independent; today she is economically a colony. This, of course, does not mean that each individual German must be badly off. History, on the contrary, shows again and again that when a country is colonized, part of the natives succumb (like the German middle class), while another part is even better off than before the foreign conquerors came. But in comparing the economic condition of the natives before and after, one should keep in mind that conditions are not at all comparable, since the situation has fundamentally changed. We must in the future distinguish between the economic situation *in* Germany, which—thanks to the influx of foreign funds—is altogether progressing, and the economic situation *of* Germany, which—as a consequence of the foreign economic penetration—is altogether retrogressing.

There is, moreover, another most important factor which must be kept in mind in judging the economic future of Germany. The German nation has the reputation of increasing rapidly in numbers. As late as 1927 Germany indeed recorded 1,160,000 births and 757,000 deaths. It may seem at first sight that an excess of 403,000 births is a proof of considerable vitality and it may even be assumed that by further improvements in public health the number of deaths might still be reduced. Yet, incredible as it may sound, those 1,160,000 births of 1927 mean that on the average each German woman during her lifetime gives birth to but two children, and that if the population is to hold its own not one of the children thus born may die before attaining parenthood. In case, then, that natality does not again increase, the population of Germany is bound to die out. This process, of course, will be slow. With the present age composition of the German population, which counts comparatively few old people, it will take decades until there actually will be an excess of deaths over births and it is quite possible that the gaps then appearing will be filled by emigrants from Poland or Russia. But there still remains the most noteworthy fact that Germany with her apparently strong vitality will in a not too distant future depend for her population balance on the influx of foreign people just as she now depends for her economic balance on the influx of foreign funds.

German Pacifism Since the War

By PAUL FREIHERR VON SCHOENAICH

SOON the tenth anniversary of the end of the World War will be here. Ten million men were killed, twenty million more have been crippled, and untold millions damaged in mind and body by military life. Billions of dollars have been senselessly squandered and the whole delicately ramified system of world economy thrown into confusion. And to top all this the victors are not in any way satisfied with the result. One might suppose that all thinking men would be trying to prevent the repetition of a like catastrophe. But what do we find instead?

Fire is everywhere smoldering under the ashes. Science and industry are concentrating on the invention and preparation of new and still more deadly death-dealing machines, while the nations themselves are many times more strange and hostile to one another than before the war. And yet it would be absurd to speak of the failure of pacifism. The notion that the war was a God-given necessity, not to be prevented by human will, is still deeply rooted in many minds, and the sufferings of the war have further bewildered such persons. To clear away this undergrowth requires long, hard labor. But when, ten years after the war's end, America, the strongest nation economically and politically on earth, lays before the world a pact condemning war, that is not to be counted as the least success of the labors of international pacifism. Of course, the Kellogg Pact is not yet a fulfilment, but it is a first step on the road.

Germany has taken first place in the development of pacifism since 1918. Germany's peculiar attitude toward pacifism is based on its geographical position. In a certain sense it is Europe's national thoroughfare. That profound impulse, deeply rooted in human nature, which drives the nations from cold to warmer climates and from inland to the seacoast, has often found its outlet across German territory. A nation living on such a thoroughfare must choose between being a bond between its neighbors or an arena for their neighborly disputes.

The German Empire in the Middle Ages attempted to be such a European bond. In the fundamental law of the empire, the so-called Golden Bull, it was expressly stated that, besides German, the Crown Prince must also be able to speak one Slavic and one Romance language. Unfortunately the emperors of the house of Hapsburg gradually neglected their European duties. Their dynastic stronghold, Austria, was more important to them than the empire. In this way gradually arose that rivalry between Prussia and Austria on which the old empire eventually went to pieces. The empire was later recreated by Prussia, though no longer in the sense of a bond between the European nations but as a German national state. In 1848 the democrats again demanded a greater Germany but Bismarck chose the smaller, under Prussian leadership. This solution was bound up with three successful wars. It also happened that the country's tremendous upward economic swing fell in the period following the restoration of the empire. Small wonder that the belief became rooted in the minds of the Germans under Prussian leadership that economic welfare and a warlike spirit are inseparable. This was also the period of the influence of the well-known historian, Treitschke, who advanced the fatal doctrine that the essence of the state is power, and all these points of view gradually produced a situation which culminated in the World War.

The task of European pacifism in general, and of German pacifism in particular, is now to create an entirely new spirit. But this will be possible only if Prussian Germany, which has heretofore been the cradle of the war spirit, again becomes the cradle of the peace spirit in the sense of the Golden Bull.

As I was myself brought up in the old Prussian way, and as I am one of the very few old officers who came to understand after the war what a fatally false road Germany had traveled, I should like to trace the development of post-war German pacifism through my own development. I hope

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that this will not be attributed to any presumptuousness on my part. I do it because, to a certain extent, I am an example, and because I have for ten years stood in the van of the struggle for peace. For thirty-seven years I was an enthusiastic soldier, and I hoped down to the very end of the war that some miracle might save Germany. My eyes first began to be opened when the press became free after the armistice. Then I first discovered that while the war went on the whole truth had never been told to us in Germany. To be sure, our highest military leaders did not deceive the nation simply out of evil purpose, but because they believed that it was necessary in order to keep up the war spirit. And in this lies one of the most dangerous errors of Prussian militarism, for it underestimated the moral value of truth even when it hurts, and overestimated the value of brute force. When I recognized this, my whole conception of life fell to pieces. I strove to orient myself anew and, as I hold self-deception fatal in such times, I never disguised my new attitude. There was soon a complete rupture between my old comrades and me. Whether my new concept is correct or not, history alone can tell. But I can certify one thing—that it was born of honest wrestling with my conscience.

As I had previously been greatly interested in political economy, it was the economic chaos resulting from the war which first compelled my attention. It became clearer and clearer to me that the economic interests of the nations are so tightly bound up with one another, as a result of modern industry, that no one nation can injure another without at the same time injuring itself. Besides, as a former soldier, I watched very earnestly the development of military technique. Not a trace was left of the once valued chivalry, spontaneity, and joyousness of war. The effects of the new death-dealing machines had become so frightful that the greatest possible gains can no longer compensate for the risks involved, and any further development must lead inevitably merely to a pitting of machines against machines.

As I did not believe in collectivism, basing my stand on my observations on compulsory monopoly during the war, and as I consider private initiative indispensable, I joined the bourgeois Democratic Party after the debacle. I described myself within the party as a pacifist for rational economic reasons. That there was an organized pacifist movement I did not discover until the year 1922. In the autumn of that year I came to know the chairman of the West German pacifists, Fritz Küster, who opened my eyes to pacifism. I was soon chosen a director of the German Peace Society and the German League for Human Rights, through which I made valuable connections with foreign pacifists. Since then I have spoken in public for pacifism eighty or ninety times yearly. I had to learn the art of popular and effective speaking as a young lieutenant studying in service. It is probably the only useful thing that I learned while a soldier. That I could employ this old remnant of my militarism in the service of peace, helped me over much embitterment that resulted from the rupture with my former comrades.

I dedicated the entire year 1924 to work for the betterment of Franco-German understanding. A speaking tour which I made, together with my friend, the French General Verraux, earned us, side by side with great successes in the field of pacifism, the foulest attacks of the German Nationalists. But in this respect I have finally learned to have a tough hide. I was never for a moment in doubt that there can be no agreement between pacifism and militaristic nationalism. Our struggle cannot be carried on by mildness alone. The sharpness of my tone may have repelled many friends who were sympathetic for purely ethical reasons, but the great success which I had in gaining recruits for the Peace Society showed me that I was on the right track. The German Peace Society is today a firmly knit organization, not too strong in numbers, but a tried and tested warrior.

The militarists and Nationalists do not consider their cause by any means lost, and it would be fatal for us to hide from ourselves the fact that they are today much stronger in Germany because the majority of the possessing class and the intellectuals who have passed through the Treitschke school, unfortunately including large sections of the Social Democrats, have at heart more and more espoused militarist ideas of power. We German pacifists see quite clearly that the profits in the armament industry have been one of the prime motives in every war.

In the last three years our struggle has been chiefly directed against illegal armament in Germany. This struggle has often led us into severe conflicts with nationalist justice. The national treason trials against the pacifists have become a public scandal which, in our opinion, has tremendously damaged Germany's standing in the eyes of the world. Our most recent work has been in the field of refusal to serve in the army. The stimulus to it came originally from the breakdown of the League of Nations on the disarmament question and also from the well-known action of the English parliamentarian, Arthur Ponsonby. In England, during the war, the movement was largely limited to the Quakers. Six thousand conscientious objectors were at that time languishing in prison. But today the War Resisters' International is a world organization of the most far-reaching political significance. We are going ahead on the assumption that if governments show no sense, the people themselves will have to help a little.

In the course of the last winter I said sixty times at public meetings in Germany, and twice in England, that the nations which have recognized that a new war will mean the death of human culture and civilization, have a duty to cry out loudly and emphatically: "If you statesmen and field marshals, you cannon and poison-gas manufacturers really want war then you are welcome to beat one another's brains out, but we won't have anything to do with it!" And I have heard these words greeted with a storm of applause everywhere. There are some pacifists in Germany who reproach us for being too radical. They should not forget that the war interests are in no way averse to sending the masses to the slaughter if it will increase the profits of the few. We cannot defend ourselves without a certain radicalism. It is possible to find today in the speeches and writings of German politicians words which eight years ago only a few courageous pacifists would have dared to utter. If these new unconscious pacifists are even now struggling against the word "pacifism" it is largely out of fear of the Nationalists and the militarists who are still very strong. One of my friends once coined the epigram that a pacifist is a man who, despite the wild outcry of his opponent, does voluntarily what his opponent will do too late from necessity.

On the whole, we German pacifists can be proud of the success of our work since the end of the war. With courage high, and full of hope, we enter on the second decade of peace.

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Germany's Rehabilitation

By ARTHUR FEILER

TEN years after the collapse of the old German Empire German industry gives every sign of growing strength. It is still far from normal; it is still in a transition stage, in which a large part of the effort has to be directed toward repairing the ravages of the war and post-war days, making good lost opportunities, and laying new foundations. But since 1924—with occasional upsets—these efforts have been successful. In 1927, for instance, Germany produced an average of 15.59 million tons of coal (including brown coal) per month, as compared with 13.34 in 1913 in the same territory, or 17.46 in the full territory of the old empire. Analogous figures for iron give us 1.55 million tons in 1927 as compared with 1.20 and 1.83 in 1913. Since 1924 German industry has again had the sense of solid ground underfoot, just as the political state has shown itself stronger and healthier in the same period, and it has been fighting its way up the mountain. But behind this five-year period of growth lies the first post-war period, the years 1919-1923 with their burden of grim misery, when the new German state seemed to be doomed.

The German people is crowded into a territory which produces neither adequate foodstuffs for its population nor sufficient raw materials for its industry. The wealth of Germany is the willingness and capacity of her people to work. We must constantly import vast quantities of food and raw materials—and we pay for them in the work of our heads and hands, and in the manufactured goods which we export. That was the pattern of German commerce even before the war; and since the peace it has only been accentuated. For the territories cut off from Germany were in the old days lands producing agricultural and industrial surplus. What they produced for the rest of Germany has to be bought abroad by the smaller Germany. But everything which helped old Germany to maintain this balance of trade was taken from the little post-war Germany: our merchant marine was seized by the Allies, securities held abroad were confiscated, and German industries in foreign countries were ruined. All European countries had to struggle with terrific hardships to find their way back from a war system to peace-time economics, but for Germany the difficulties were vaster still. Even the blockade was maintained intact for months after the end of the war, and we received our commercial freedom only five years after ratification of the peace treaty; until then we had to give the victors complete most-favored-nation treatment, without compensation, while they could guard against German imports by all sorts of differential tariffs. And all these handicaps were imposed upon a half-starved people, completely without reserve stocks, with an exhausted agriculture, with factories out of repair, without raw materials for resuming production, without commercial facilities, without credit. And, upon such a people also fell the task, all the old centers of authority having collapsed, of reorganizing its state from the ground up—while in the East Russian bolshevism beckoned with its messianic hopes of a new communist society which, had the German workers succumbed to its enticements, would have meant for Germany even worse misery than for Russia.

All this must be recalled to understand the situation of those first post-war days. Many people abroad suspected that Germany consciously brought on inflation, and deliberately ruined her currency, in order to make payment impossible and to sabotage the reparations account. Such was not the case. The first governments of the republic repeatedly sought, by increasing taxes, to stabilize the government finances and the currency. But they were always too weak. And, again and again, when their efforts seemed to be at the point of success, violent attacks of the victors, or sudden new demands of the reparations creditors, interrupted and destroyed their hopes. The French invasion of the Ruhr in 1923 sealed the issue. The Cuno Government, weak at home, and without a clear understanding of the impending result, regarded the paper-money presses as the only means with which to finance the struggle in the Ruhr.

The complete collapse of German currency in the fall of 1923 was the end. But in this last collapse the German people found the will and force for its own salvation. A new government undertook to end the Ruhr struggle, to stop the printing of paper money, and to reorganize finance by ruthless increases of taxation and rigid limitation of expenses. It made a last effort to settle the reparations question, inviting the reparations creditor Powers to send experts to study Germany's capacity to pay and to draw up a comprehensive plan of payments—going back to a proposal made in his New Haven speech by Secretary Hughes as early as 1922. When the experts of the Dawes Committee met in Berlin they discovered that the most important things had already been done: the finances were on the path of reformation, the currency was stable, every head and hand in Germany was concentrated upon the single goal of working in order to live.

The Dawes Committee then did that without which all the German effort would have been in vain: its program guaranteed Germany a moratorium, during which it could grow back into a normal productivity, and it assured Germany the first-aid measure of a loan, which was automatically followed further by private credits. If these two measures—moratorium and credits—had been adopted immediately after the conclusion of the peace Germany would have been spared frightful suffering and the world and its industry violent shocks and crises. An important measure of internal reconciliation followed. It was an event of great symbolic as well as practical importance when the Reichsverband der deutschen Industrie, the national association of German manufacturers, publicly and emphatically came out for acceptance of the Dawes Plan.

The wisdom with which the experts of the Dawes Committee worked for the peace of Europe cannot be sufficiently praised. They took the reparations question out of politics and made it a matter of economics. And, however heavy the burdens which they imposed upon Germany, they nevertheless assured peace and security for a period of years. Time has proved, however, that in two decisive matters

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they misunderstood Germany's position. First, they underrated the effect of inflation upon Germany. They saw only that the inflation had virtually wiped out Germany's internal debt. But quite apart from the fact that a certain revaluation was necessary for the demands of subscribers to her internal loans, they overlooked the decisive fact that the dissolution of Germany's internal debt was counterbalanced by a sweeping decrease in Germany's capacity to pay taxes. Certain groups or individuals had profited by the inflation, by borrowing money and paying it back in deflated paper, thus acquiring possession of "real" values. But far larger sections of the German people had been robbed by the inflation not only of a considerable part of their income but of a large part of their capital. More, even those who profited by the inflation often reinvested their gains mistakenly and the result was bankruptcy.

Then the second gross error of the Dawes experts revealed itself. They believed that Germany's factories and mines were in sound and adequate condition, requiring only working capital in order to come quickly into competitive condition. This optimistic view of German industry at the beginning of 1924 has not been confirmed by the facts. For when the illusory prosperity of the inflation period had passed it was soon evident how seriously her isolation from the progress of the rest of the world during the decade 1914-1924 had affected Germany. She had a great industrial plant. But important parts of it were, in fact, antiquated, incapable of competitive production. The prices which German industry faced in the world market were crushing evidence of this fact. And when German manufacturers traveled abroad, particularly to the United States, they soon saw why: the industrial production of the world had made vast progress in that decade, while Germany had remained aloof. Lost ground had to be regained. And, so German industry set to work upon the vast task of modernization which has occupied the entire period since 1924 and is not yet completed. Antiquated factories stopped working; some were sold as junk and others were modernized; production was reorganized and standardized; a huge task of cleaning up had to be undertaken. The consequence was a tremendous need for capital. Not only working capital, as the Dawes experts had believed, but also vast sums of investment capital were required.

Other things which had been neglected for ten years had to be made up—particularly new houses had to be built to abate the crowded housing conditions. Germany's own strength was not adequate to the task. The people, after 1924, began to save once more and to build up their own capital—deposits in the German savings banks, which in 1913 amounted to about 20,000,000,000 marks, which in 1923 (when postage stamps cost billions of marks) had been reduced by the inflation to nothing, had by April, 1928, mounted again to 6,943,000,000 marks—109 marks per capita as compared with 291 marks before the war. Life insurance premiums, which also had been wiped out during the inflation, had by 1926 reached half the pre-war figure. And the total of new capital in 1927 had nominally reached the total of the pre-war period, although the world devaluation of gold gave it a real value of only two-thirds the previous figure. But even that was not equal to the need. For, even today, despite the lowered birth-rate, Germany's population increases by 300,000 every year; and, furthermore, the need caused a considerable change in the working habits of the population. Today many more women, old people, and people of the class which formerly lived on its income are engaged in productive industry—perhaps 3,000,000 more than before the war—and require raw materials for their labor. The capital which she could not obtain from her own savings Germany sought to make up by foreign credits, particularly in the United States. To find this help, to build up the necessary capital by foreign credits—these were conditions precedent to the rapid restoration of the last four and a half years. The amount of this new foreign debt—assumed by the towns and states for building and extending their electric plants, gas works, water systems, street-car lines, and other public utilities, as well as by private industries and by banks desiring to extend credit to their clients—is not less than nine billion marks. The interest and amortization upon this debt naturally constitute a further burden upon German industry. But one is justified in the hope that its strength is more than equal to the burden.

Thus Germany, far from fulfilling the prophecy of the Dawes experts that she would be able from her export surplus out of her own production to meet her own needs and to pay reparations, has passed through an investment period with the apparent paradox of an unfavorable balance of trade and great reparations payments simultaneously—a paradox easily explained by the inflow of large foreign credits. This is what we call the transition period, from which Germany has not yet emerged. Meanwhile, she works at her own development. The real test of her capacity will come when, with her war and post-war damages more or less repaired, she works for the world market with an enlarged productive plant, in order, without further foreign credits, to meet her own inner needs and also to pay such reparations as may be demanded of her.

Only then can it be said that Germany is back at normal—if in the ever-changing state of industrial technique it is possible to use that word at all. Germany will then be faced with the same task as the other industrial states—that of completing political democracy, and giving it inner reality, by industrial democracy. The young German republic has in its first decade taken important experimental steps in this direction—by recognition of the trade unions, by developing wage agreements, by introducing an arbitration system in wage disputes, by establishing works councils, by organizations for the supervision and common regulation of the great monopolistic industries. These are attempts to solve a problem which is common to all the great industrial nations and upon which in reality they must all work together. The fight against unduly high protective tariffs, which the World Economic Conference assembled by the League of Nations in 1926 properly described as the chief cause of Europe's troubles, lies in the same field. Germany has another particular task in her agrarian problem. The condition of her peasantry must be bettered, and Germany must look forward to inner colonization, developing small peasant properties in the regions of the great landed estates. These are tasks for the future. But the political prerequisite for them exists in political democracy, supplanting the former privileged status of certain groups by equal right for all citizens of the state. And that this political democracy, despite all its troubles and perils, has been able to survive ten years, and constantly to consolidate its strength, is the decisive contribution of the young German Republic.

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German Foreign Policy

By LOUIS FISCHER

"OH to lose the next war," the patriot might sigh. For Germany is today as prosperous as most of the victors and more prosperous than some—for example, England.

I flew recently from the Lithuanian border to Berlin reading, very inappropriately, the "Fall of the Russian Empire," but receiving, from rich fields, clean, well-appointed cities, roads, and railway stations, impressions of the rise of the German Republic. In the capital, the evidence of German economic resurgence was everywhere: new buildings, better clothes, fewer bookshops, more autos (four times as many as in 1924, say the statisticians), obvious "Americanization" on the Kurfürstendamm and elsewhere. During my fourteen-month absence Germany had made easily noticeable strides forward, despite reparations, Rhineland occupation, a mounting foreign debt, etc. This is far from a paradise; there are unemployed who starve, war invalids who suffer; there are strikes and causes for strikes; there is a serious adverse foreign trade balance; there are many, many unsolved problems. Yet Germany has attained more than the "relative stabilization" which the Communists niggardly concede her.

This change is partly responsible for the Anglo-French alliance. Needless to say, the "naval compromise" between London and Paris involves more than fleets, and even if the cruiser agreement is dropped, the alliance will remain because one of the chief reasons for its existence remains: the resumption by Germany of her pre-war role as Britain's commercial rival. The revival of pre-war competition has revived the pre-war entente.

England can befriend one of the two great continental Powers, Germany or France. At Versailles the first signs of Lloyd George's pro-Germanism appeared, not unnoticed by Clemenceau. The succeeding years witnessed a diminuendo of Anglo-French cordiality and a crescendo of Anglo-German cooperation. Locarno meant that settlements between Germany and France would be effected through the mediation and on the terms of Great Britain. The subsequent Stresemann-Briand negotiations at Thoiry represented an attempt to cast off these "good offices" of the English. It failed because Wall Street and Downing Street objected, yet it marked the serious beginning of a Franco-German rapprochement which, though as distant today as ever, is a political and economic possibility.

German diplomats, in private conversation, make no secret of the fact that the British Foreign Office has put obstacles in the way of the Franco-German rapprochement. For its consummation would have excluded Britain from the Continent and isolated her in international affairs. With the United States and the USSR not her friends, she would have been left with Italy, a questionable reed and a potential liability, and with volcanic Japan. The rapprochement, moveover, promised further economic strength to Germany and further economic distress to England. These considerations reinforced the pro-French wing of the British Foreign Office. It had always been powerful. Sir William Tyrrell, formerly "permanent" head of the Foreign Office and now His Majesty's ambassador in Paris, was its patron. Lord Northcliffe had stood for it and after his death the *Times* continued the tradition.

A strong faction in London, however, still yearned toward an alliance with Germany, partly in the hope that Berlin could eventually be weaned from her relatively friendly policy toward Russia. But when Lord Birkenhead's anti-Bolshevik ("golf") mission in the spring of 1928 failed to convince German diplomacy of the wisdom of turning a cold shoulder toward the commissariat, where Chicherin worked night and day, England was ready for an alliance with Poincaré. The renewal of the Entente, Chamberlain and Tyrrell reckoned, would keep France out of the Franco-German rapprochement, away from an agreement with the Bolsheviks, and away from the influence of America.

This alliance has a post-bellum history. At Versailles Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson agreed to guarantee France against a German attack. The Senate's refusal to ratify the peace treaty made the pledge a dead letter. It was revived at Cannes, however, in January, 1922, when the British Premier offered Briand security against an unprovoked offensive from across the Rhine. Briand seemed inclined to accept, but Poincaré demanded more—an alliance, for which London was not yet prepared. And, above all, he wanted to be free to occupy the Ruhr. Both Poincaré and Lloyd George realized that close coordination of Anglo-French efforts would result in more moderate treatment for Germany. Hence the former rejected such coordination, while the latter urged it. If that was true in 1922 it applies with greater force in 1928 when it is as much to France's advantage to settle the Rhineland and the problem of reparations as it is to Germany's. The Anglo-French bloc, in other words, is directed against Germany yet it may help Germany in attaining the immediate goals of her foreign policy, especially since the Dawes system, according to British opinion, only provokes and facilitates additional German competition against England's trade. London desires reparations revision, and a final settlement answers French interests as well.

It has become a truism to say that time is on Germany's side. The longer Rhineland occupation continues the less Germany is willing to pay for evacuation. If the Allies do not temporarily ignore the Versailles Treaty—as they did in the case of the Cologne zone—the second zone will be relieved of foreign soldiery in 1930, and sixteen or seventeen months more of the occupation, after it has lasted for ten years, is no intolerable burden, particularly since it probably entails no serious economic loss.

The German government insists that Rhineland negotiations may be conducted parallel with reparations pourparlers but that the two must remain separate and distinct. By this stand the Germans wish to make it plain that after Locarno and the Kellogg Pact, and after their loyal fulfilment of the Dawes Plan and disarmament requirements, they have a moral right to evacuation free of charge. Such a position may be ethically sound, but Berlin knows too well that Rhineland and reparations are not to be divorced. Discussions in the past have coupled both and future conferences will likewise treat them as mutually dependent sub-

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jects. In the end Rhineland evacuation hinges on a reparations settlement.

Since this is so, since the Rhineland pawn check steadily loses value, since, moreover, France needs money for probable debt payments to the United States, Poincaré is in a hurry to reach a reparations agreement. The Germans, therefore, think it sound tactics to create the impression of not being in a hurry. They claim, with some justice, that the longer the Dawes Plan works the better its workings will convince neutral observers (Americans, mostly) of the necessity of reform. Yet in the absence of a fixed reparations total which Germany must pay as a punishment for losing the war, she may be pouring money into an empty barrel every time she deposits to Parker Gilbert's account with the Reichsbank. The Wilhelmstrasse's immediate aim, accordingly, is the determination of the size of the indemnity. French opinion seems to put it at forty to forty-five billion gold marks. German unofficial intimations hover around the thirty billion limit. In this connection, a suggestion that Germany take over all inter-Allied debts, assuming further scaling-down of reparations, might find an attentive ear.

For Washington to maintain stubbornly that reparations and inter-Allied debts are unrelated may be good election strategy and perhaps even fair foreign policy, but extremely poor economics. French, British, and German experts know that no settlement is possible without the United States or without consideration of war debts. The Allies and Germany will tinker with the problem. Only America can solve it. Because Washington temporarily rejects intervention in these matters, Germany cannot afford to antagonize either England or France. She will try not to. The Berlin Foreign Office says, in effect, "We must maintain friendly relations with Paris." Only rare voices assert the same with respect to England. For Germany and England cannot well cooperate economically, while Germany and France could. A Rhineland-reparations solution, furthermore, depends to a greater extent on Poincaré than on Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain.

Some German parties, many newspapers, and not a few diplomats are apprehensive lest the need of putting pressure on Washington to help modify the Dawes Plan by revising the debt conventions draw Germany into a joint European front against the United States. The Social Democrats, most Francophile of German parties, could do the Vaterland no greater harm than by using their pivotal position in the Müller Cabinet to win concessions from France at the risk of reaping disapproval from America. Germany's best policy would be to let France and England fight their own battles with Washington on the question of inter-Allied debts. For America is Germany's firmest support. Germany does not underestimate the value of United States sympathy. She seeks to cultivate it. She demonstratively refrained from reservations to the Kellogg Pact unlike England and France. She follows the State Department's lead in China. She attempts to identify herself with American foreign policy, or, as in the case of Russia, to adapt American policy to her own.

For her immediate objectives Germany needs French agreement. To accept the advice of one or two well-meaning but somewhat unpolitically minded editors and court the hand of Italy—which would be like showing a red rag to France—might spell disaster. Nor is concentration only upon Russia feasible. Moscow's help is very indirect in reparations and Rhineland questions. The Anglo-French alliance was a rude shock for Germany and created the necessity for realignments and new friends. Party organs warn Germany that she must no longer play second fiddle to either England or France at Geneva. Germany should instead rally the smaller nations of Europe about her. Other observers point out, in particular, the possibilities of closer relations with the Balkans and South America. Still others direct their eyes to South America.

Matters remain in a state of flux, but that the new entente makes a great difference to Germany was extraordinarily clear in the case of Russia. In early August every German diplomat one approached poured fire and brimstone on the heads of the Bolsheviks. Purposeful misrepresentation by the daily newspapers of the proceedings of the Don trial in Moscow had created disaffection toward the Soviet Union which dovetailed well with a rather lowered temperature in German-Russian relations and which showed how difficult it was for Germany to pursue an isolated pro-Russian policy when both France and particularly England disapproved. (The mercury began to fall noticeably after the break between London and Moscow.)

But no sooner had the Anglo-French pact been announced than Berlin began to talk of resuming trade negotiations with Moscow, of granting credits, etc. Stresemann's last act before leaving for Paris to sign the Kellogg Peace consisted of pushing through with incredible speed a note which he knew would be welcome in the Kremlin. Briand's rude speech at Geneva confirmed Germany's worst fears. A policy of Western orientation only, the policy the Socialists would like to adopt, is obviously impractical. Germany needs Russia in case the necessity arises for retreat. The moment the Entente exerts too uncomfortable a pressure, Wilhelmstrasse, consciously or unconsciously, resurrects the bogey of the "Russian-German alliance." But it is more than that. Germany must lean on Russia politically, economically, and must look to her for military assistance. Russia, fortified by the red army, by merely passive behavior paralyzes Polish efforts against Germany. The army had its effect at the time of the Ruhr occupation and could again. Stories about secret war agreements between Germany and the Soviets may or may not have been true, yet the fact cannot be denied that the Bolsheviks want to see a strong capitalist Germany if they cannot see a communist Germany. England is Russia's diehard enemy. France, as the patron of Poland and Rumania and the partner of Britain, cannot befriend Russia. Germany remains, and the Soviet leaders are today facilitating the Russo-German rapprochement.

Germany, however, has too little international influence and too few long-term credits to bear the burden of an isolated pro-Russian policy. She is therefore now seeking American support. It need no longer be a secret that Germany mediated between the State Department and Litvinov with a view to the Soviet Union's adherence to the Kellogg Pact. Men who are responsible for German economic stability—and not without influence in the United States—would like to see American-German cooperation in Russian business. They say, however, that Mr. Hoover is opposed to such cooperation. And the Germans fear that direct relations between Russia and America may be achieved at their expense since the Bolsheviks undoubtedly prefer the better quality and cheaper prices of United States firms. This remains the problem: Germany's wish, on the one hand, to

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bring the United States and the USSR together, and the hope that she may not lose trade thereby. Recent economic developments in the Soviet republic may, nevertheless, offer a solution by forcing the Bolsheviks to buy goods abroad in quantities that would please both Germans and Americans—always, of course, assuming sufficient short-term and fewer long-term credits.

Before the Dawes era Germany's answer to the Anglo-French bloc would have been Eastern orientation, or Soviet Russia. Today the United States is a far better guaranty against excessive Entente pressure. The Easterners are moreover weakened by the hostility of Social Democrats in the Cabinet. America, however, is not enough. Because America is not a part of Europe Germany needs the counter-balance of Russia against the West. And as long as America refuses to entangle herself in European affairs, which means, concretely, to mingle inter-Allied debts with reparations, Germany will strive for a *modus vivendi* with France, even with England. At the same time, Germany must find new fields to conquer. She seems destined to become a banker of the Balkans, the engineer and railway constructor of Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan (a development England will watch), and a big merchant in China. Germany is too rich, industrious, and cultured to remain permanently within the limits sketched by the Treaty of Versailles.

Post-war German Drama

By ERNST TOLLER

I HAVE been asked by the editor of *The Nation* to write a few words on post-war German drama. We are in the habit of using the term "post-war drama" without stopping to ask ourselves if there really is such a type, distinct in presentation, treatment, kind, and form from that of the pre-war period.

Did the war really cause this decisive change in German drama? Not at all. It is strikingly confirmed today, after ten years, that the present tendencies in the drama began their development years before the war, and that since then they have simply been in more rapid eruption.

Ernst Toller

The younger dramatists felt that an unbridgeable gulf divided them from the older generation. The struggle between the generations, the father-and-son problem, the fight between compromise and directness, between bourgeois and anti-bourgeois, had stirred young intellects before the war made a reality of what they had prophetically seen coming. To be sure, the war destroyed many moral and social, many spiritual and artistic values. But the foundations of these values had become rotten. In place of the idea, there had come to the fore a realpolitik which was leading to the abrogation of all reality. Freedom had become hypocrisy—freedom for the few, spiritual and economic bondage for the many. In the first dramas of Sorge, Hasenclever, and Werfel this hatred toward our elders was already smoldering. And these were the same elders who did nothing to prevent the war but, tricking it out in romanticism, pitilessly and unfeelingly sent battalion after battalion of young German manhood out to die.

During the war very little got to the public through the strict censorship. But after the collapse, every day brought new works from the newly liberated minds. The form which this art took was called expressionism. It was just as much reaction as it was synthetic and creative action. It turned against that tendency in art which was satisfied merely to set down impressions, one after the other, without troubling to question their essential nature, justification, or the idea involved. The expressionists were not satisfied simply to photograph. They knew that environment permeates the artist and is reflected in his psychic mirror in such a way as utterly to transfigure this environment. Expressionism wanted to influence environment, to change it in giving it a brighter, more righteous appearance, to make it impossible, for example, for a catastrophe like the war ever to threaten mankind again. Reality was to be comprehended anew in the light of the ideal, was to be born again.

All activity resolves itself into outer and inner activity, both of equal importance and strength as motivating forces. In style expressionism was pregnant, almost telegraphic, always shunning the peripheral, and always probing to the center of things. In expressionistic drama man is no accidental private person. He is a type posited for many, and ignoring the limits of superficial characterization. Man was skinned in the expectation that somewhere under his skin was his soul. The dramatic exponents of expressionism were Sorge, Göring, Balach, and Toller. Of their works may be mentioned Sorge's "Der Bettler," Kaiser's "Von Morgen bis Mitternacht," Hasenclever's "Der Sohn," Unruh's "Ein Geschlecht," "Der arme Vetter" by Balach, and Toller's "Die Wandlung" and "Masse Mensch."

During the epoch of expressionism a significant development took place. A new character appeared on the stage—proletarian man. Of course, there had already been plays whose action took place in a proletarian milieu. But something fundamental divided expressionistic proletarian drama from such a play as Hauptman's "Die Weber" or Bucher's "Wozzek." In the old dramas the proletarian was a dull creature who rebelled against his fate with strong but rash impulse. The artist who pictured him wanted to awaken sympathy. In the new drama, the proletarian is active, conscious, rebelling against his fate, and struggling for a new reality. He is driven on by feeling, by knowledge, and by the idea of a brighter future.

It is useless to talk of the fiasco of expressionism, or to ask whether expressionism produced works which will still be remembered in fifty years. Expressionism wanted to be a product of the time and to react to it. And that much it certainly succeeded in doing. Never since Schiller's "Die

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Räuber," since "Kabale und Liebe," has the theater been so much a rostrum for current happenings or so much upset by the strife and counter-strife of public opinion; passionate partisanship on one side, and violent one-sided reproaches on the other.

Let us examine for a moment the reproach of "tendency" leveled against expressionism. When a piece of writing portrays spiritual behavior, feelings, reactions to the phenomena of life and knowledge it does not seem tendential to the bourgeois, because these things have become traditional and because they express his conception of the world, his philosophy, his naked economic interest. He overlooks the fact that such writing also has a tendency, namely his own.

But when new observations are made in a drama, in opposition to those ideas to which the bourgeois has been accustomed, he calls such a work tendential. The atmosphere in any work of art, in so far as it transects a given social milieu, always has a definite impress that one is safe in calling partisan. There is, however, one type of partisanship which the artist must avoid, namely that partisanship of the black and white kind which depicts all persons on one side as devils of the blackest sort, and all those on the other as angels.

But since the spirit, the idea did not succeed in changing the character of the times; since the old reality with the old abominations, with the old greed, the old rapacious striving, the old danger zones, simply reappeared; since the peace which all were yearning for turned out to be a grin behind which the next war is looming; since the spiritual had again become a veneer and a mockery, younger dramatists appeared who thought that as the ideal was lacking there was no reason for it, especially in art. They set out to portray life and nothing but life. But the decisive thing in life for them was the uninhibited accord or antagonism of the sexual impulse. The chaotic, the sexual, became the focus of the new drama which tended to the epic in form. Side by side with this the struggle between the generations played a definite role. Speech became naturalistic again, but it was distinguished from the old naturalism by a dynamic impetus that gave it a distinctive rhythm. As dramatists of this type one may mention Brecht, Bronnen, and Kuckmaier.

The later German dramatists were unquestionably influenced by America, but the German brand of Americanism did not represent the great minds of America. What was taken over was the tempo, the banal optimism, the superficiality, in short that new matter-of-factness which has very little meaning and no connection whatever with the major arts.

German drama exists, as does all German art, between two worlds. The bourgeois world is spiritually and ethically convulsed and the world of the workers is visible as yet only among small or petty groups. The generation now thirty years old, the war generation, appears to be living in an interval of rest—a creative interval, let us hope. Those who knew the war as children barely bestir themselves. What work of theirs we see is classic, amazingly senile, and very seldom original. The last few years have given us several important novels (the novel seems to be developing in Germany for the first time and German novelists are now worthy rivals of French and English masters of fiction) but few dramas that one can call important or significant documents of the time.

In the Driftway

FOR some weeks the Drifter has been neglecting his correspondence. It isn't that he is lacking in appreciation of such favors. Failure to make use of letters from readers does not imply lack of merit, as the editors say in returning manuscript. It means simply—oh, well, decide for yourself what it means. The Drifter doesn't know, and he hasn't the time or money to be psychoanalyzed, which seems to be the only accepted way to discover anything about motives in these days. But as the Drifter opens his correspondence file his eye chances on a number of communications which deserve to be rescued from obscurity. For instance, Wilma M. Straus sends this note from Richmond, Virginia:

> While I was at a summer camp for boys this summer in Pennsylvania something occurred so beautifully unusual that I thought I would share it with you.
>
> The boys had been introduced by a very remarkable person to the joys of nature study, particularly butterflies. One day, in the midst of an exciting game of baseball, a rare butterfly flew across the diamond. And these young Americans left their bases and chased it.
>
> So you see there is great hope in American youth, though we try to drown it all in sports.

* * * * *

UM-M-M, yes; probably so. But the Drifter finds his feelings a little mixed over the incident. Ardent devotee of nature that he is, he fears there is something abnormal in any group of American boys which allows a baseball game to be interrupted even by the Day of Judgment. More in keeping with the American scene is the information from J. B. Day of Alexandria, Virginia, that the doctrine of service has been extended to include "readiness to serve" and that a charge is made for said "readiness." To prove his point the Drifter's correspondent incloses a bill sent to him by the Alexandria Water Company in which that philanthropic enterprise lists as one of the items: "Readiness to serve and meter rental." Translated into plain English this means simply: "We are ready to take your money." But who isn't? And usually without charge.

* * * * *

FINALLY the Drifter turns up a letter from Celia Baldwin, writing from Denver, Colorado. She recalls a screed of some weeks ago in which the Drifter lamented that pasteurization had taken the flavor out of cream. The letter goes on to say:

> For many, many years, as a housekeeper, I have mourned for some good old-fashioned sour milk, "such as mother used to make." Time was in which we could take left-over milk, let it stand till it became bonnyclabber, and then make a delicious, cool dessert by adding sugar and nutmeg; or heat it into a toothsome cottage cheese. No more, alas, no more. Keep pasteurized milk to the clabber stage and you have a loathsome, putrid mass which you hurry out of the house as you would any other dead body. And that is what it is. All the life has been taken out of it by pasteurization. I did not understand this until Lida B. Russell, M.D., somewhat of a medical heretic, explained that pasteurization destroyed the lactic acid. She said furthermore that this deadened milk was unfit for the human stomach even before it became putrid.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

A Final Word

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not as a personal favor do I claim your space for a last-minute statement to those prospective Smith voters who are afraid of throwing away their votes by voting Socialist. I wish I might claim space to cite reasons, born out of experience, for my high hopes of my party as the pioneer and teacher of that great political movement that is coming into being. We have been sadly impeded by the failure of many progressives to come to our aid at this psychological moment and by the failure of liberal papers adequately to understand or report our campaign. But that is water over the dam. In spite of it we are in good shape to push that intensive building in localities for which under American conditions a national campaign and a national movement are essential. We shall go forward whatever our vote, but of course every vote for us will count not only for its immediate effect on the victors but for its help in the essential task of building a party which does not belong to big business, a party of ideas and ideals. In other words, you do not throw away your vote when you vote our ticket.

But if you vote Democratic! First, you'll almost certainly be on the losing side and if your candidate should win you will lose. You will have to hire some theologian or liberal editor to explain why your Democratic vote doesn't mean what Raskob's or Frank Hague's does. Not since some of you started out to liberalize the World War have you undertaken anything so hopeless as the liberalization by your feeble influence of the party of Hague and Tammany, of the Southern racial bigots and mill-owners, of Raskob and his associated millionaires and open-shoppers. It is to these men that Governor Smith will be indebted if he wins and to them he will pay his debts.

You won't get beer legally, for the overwhelming mass of Democratic Congressional candidates are politically—not otherwise—dry. You won't kill bigotry, for the Catholic church is more solidly behind Smith than the Protestant is behind Hoover, and the Democratic appeal in the South is mostly to an appalling racial bigotry which Governor Smith has never rebuked.

You won't even be indorsing a man with a genuine progressive record or progressive intentions. Whatever Governor Smith's virtues there stands the other side: his part in the impeachment of Sulzer, his veto of laws to prevent election frauds, his evasion of his pledges to support the child labor amendment, his choice of Walker, his utter failure to choose proper public-service or transit commissioners, his shocking use of Commissioner Van Namee as campaign manager. In this campaign he has gone clear over to protection, he has outlined no comprehensive foreign policy, no complete program for unemployment, no concrete plan for dealing with the injunction evil, no plan for coal, no taxation program, no real or comprehensive program on public utilities. Did ever candidate seek progressive support at so cheap a price?

Yet *The Nation* which most of the year takes a position adequately covered by the Socialist platform not only does not support the Socialist ticket openly but, in spite of some good articles and editorials, has failed to discuss adequately the very issues it has made its own. Nothing is more certain than that those of your readers who ignore these issues on election day will throw away their votes.

New York, October 22 NORMAN THOMAS,
Socialist Candidate for President

Religion Important

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: From time to time your paper has deplored the injection of the religious issue into the present political campaign. Is it bigotry and religious intolerance if I oppose a candidate's eligibility because of his religion?

Religion usually deals with two distinct subjects: the supernatural and the ordinary, every-day affairs of man. I have no quarrel with a candidate's beliefs regarding the supernatural purely, but a candidate's religious beliefs as they influence the mundane are of vital importance to us all. For instance, would I be guilty of religious intolerance if I objected strenuously to a Roman Catholic on the grounds of his religion's stand on birth control, education, the liquor question, its historic and doctrinal stand for the inseparability of church and state, heresy, its undemocratic system of ecclesiastical aristocracy, and its dogmatic position on what is moral and what constitutes morality? I hold that as religion exists today—strongly organized, dogmatic, dealing in the main with purely social affairs—every man's religion is my business.

New York, October 7 JACOB J. STERNBACH

An Oversight

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask through your columns what is the reason that, in the preliminary report of your Presidential straw vote in the issue of October 17, you make no mention of the fact that the name of Verne L. Reynolds, the Presidential candidate of the Socialist Labor Party, had been omitted on your straw-vote ballot, even after that omission had been called to your attention?

New York, October 16 OLIVE M. JOHNSON

[We regret the oversight.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Rebuke

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You love to discover inconsistencies between the creed and the deeds of the clergy, yet you, a liberal, are allowing yourself to be fooled by the old shell-game, Hoover or Smith, while I, only a humble and naive cleric, have never been deceived and I shall vote, of course, for Norman Thomas.

Lincoln, Nebraska, October 9 JOHN H. LEVER

For Foster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a liberal, interested in a labor party for the United States. I am not a member of the Communist Party, and yet, at this crisis in American politics, I will cast my vote, the first vote I have ever cast, for William Z. Foster and Benjamin Gitlow. It may be but a vote cast in a negative direction, but at any rate it will be an honest vote.

I am too close to the labor movement to have faith in Smith as a champion of the proletariat. His present record in New York proves that the proletarian bringing his dinner-bucket of age-old wrongs to the Autocrat of the Fishmarket will get but short shrift. Hoover indorses Coolidge's record. That is enough. Thomas? A slightly cleaner and saintlier Al Smith.

I want to know why *The Nation* so completely ignores William Z. Foster and the platform of the Workers Party.

International Falls, Minn., October 7 JOSEPH KALAR

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New Votes for Thomas

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: From now until election day we are going to lend every effort to aid in the election of Norman Thomas and the Socialist ticket. It would be useless indeed to espouse the liberal and labor cause and then attempt even mildly to register a protest against the present political and economic order by voting for a Democratic candidate. Only in the last eight years has Al Smith shown the slightest evidence of having a mind that understands existing problems.

As young men, perhaps, we are apt to be more impatient with a rotten *status quo* than are our parents and our older friends. The following are some of our reasons for voting for the Socialist ticket from top to bottom:

1. We believe that the political alignment existing today between Republicans and Democrats represents no genuine distinction in our political or economic life. The recent migrations and counter-migrations of industrial capitalists between the parties, and the great emphasis placed on these movements prove quite conclusively that both the old parties are equally safe for Big Business.

2. Instead of the present political line-up there is needed a party that will understand the economic and social movements of our time, rather than parties that grow eager in behalf of the people one month before election.

3. The Socialist Party emphasizes its platform and not personalities even though in Norman Thomas it has an outstanding leader of courage and principle who has not been afraid to discuss frankly the Negro problem in the South.

4. The Socialist Party alone undertakes to teach the workingmen and women of the country exactly how their condition can be bettered; namely, through an understanding of first economic principles and the formation of a strong, militant organization.

To carry out the program indicated above the undersigned are organizing the Young Voters League for Norman Thomas.

New York, October 19 Frederick V. Field
John Herling

A Question for Quakers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I express my thanks, as an individual Quaker, for your editorial on Hoover as a Quaker in your current issue? During the war you said brave words in appreciation of conscientious objectors, the boys who because of high moral principles would not become part of the war machine. Many who were not then pacifists now are. Hoover stands for increase in our navy and preparedness. Who votes for Hoover votes for these. How are such people going to face the young conscientious objectors if another war comes, backed by Hoover's policies?

New York, October 12 Nellie M. Smith

From a Life Prisoner

(Censored by R. Reinhardt)

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I know that you want your straw vote to be most nearly correct. Being in prison, and doing life, I'm hardly eligible to cast this ballot. But my indignation moves me. Although by all the laws of phylogeny I ought to be with the Republicans, this is a year when thieves fall out. So I register my mute protest for Al's cause, fervently hoping Gott mit uns.

Marquette, Michigan, October 15 Carl L. Baeumer

Mr. Marshall's Spleen

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of today, lauding Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, you, though a pretended liberal, evince a spirit of bigotry universally denounced by all lovers of justice. You say:

> His chief rival, Attorney-General Ottinger, has shown himself unworthy of public trust in that he is absolutely wrong on the water-power question. His nomination is merely a sop to the Jewish voters of the cities of the State in order to draw them away from Governor Smith. It is a political subterfuge which deserves rebuke.

Attorney-General Ottinger probably entertains views concerning water-power as to which decided differences of opinion exist. Mr. Roosevelt certainly holds views on many subjects which are likewise opposed by many good citizens; so does Governor Smith, and, for that matter, there is scarcely a single public question as to which men do not honestly differ. For you to set up the editorial chair as a court of last resort and with innate modesty to announce that the Attorney-General is "absolutely" wrong on this subject, and from that premise to deduce the conclusion that he has shown himself unworthy of public trust, would appear to the ordinary man as presumptuous. His integrity and uprightness are not and cannot be impugned. His loyalty and fidelity to the public as State Senator, as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and as Attorney-General of this State have been generally conceded. He is a man of unimpeachable character, and yet, speaking in an utterly irresponsible manner, you do not hesitate to blacken his name merely because he does not see eye to eye with you and has dared to accept a unanimous nomination for Governor at a time when your candidate had publicly refused to run.

But you have gone further, and at a time when men with whom you have associated yourself are prating of religious bigotry as a campaign issue you, supposedly overflowing with the milk of human kindness (though frequently curdled), range yourself on the lowest plane of fanaticism by adverting to Mr. Ottinger's religion and characterizing his nomination as a sop to the Jewish voters in order to draw them away from Governor Smith, apparently intimating that the Governor or anybody else has a proprietary interest in those whom I know to be the most independent of the American electorate. In other words, you turn your back on all that you have said concerning bigotry and your suppressed emotions bursting all bonds lead you to resent the nomination of a Jew as Governor and to insult your Jewish fellow-citizens by intimating that when they vote they are swayed by unworthy motives.

I have observed for many years that men of your ilk, though parading as broad-minded, never hesitate by word and act to belittle the Jew when it suits your purpose. It is regarded as meritorious to resent what you look upon as his intrusion into public office, however qualified for it he may be. With all your culture you are unable to get away from the atavistic urge which unconsciously causes your mental processes to culminate in the cry of Jew! Jew!

New York, October 17 Louis Marshall

[To this letter we must add the following words from an equally prominent and equally public-spirited Jew—Samuel Untermyer. Speaking of the nomination of Mr. Ottinger, he says in the New York *World* of October 24: "He was nominated *solely* because he is a Jew and as a foil or cover to the campaign of bigotry that the Republican Party is waging throughout the nation. He is a Jew only as a stalking-horse to attract the Jewish votes. . . . He has been very active in the publicity end of exposing petty frauds. He is a 'devil of a fellow' after small offenders, but I have yet to know of an instance in which he has taken any action against big offenders."
—Editor The Nation.]

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Books and Plays

Housewarming

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Now the last dark closet is opened;
Curious corners flatten into empty angles.
Once the whole tall house was haunted.
You came with a lantern by night—
And the hall was cleared.
The spiders work there
But no presence moves now the boards of the stair.
Room by room
Lamplight and moonlight ran
Quicksilver along the floors;
Washed upwards over wall-boards
And the walls.
We who searched there without breathing
Found nothing to fear us—
Only a broken bottle, an old man's shoe;
Felt only the strong substance of beams
And the glint on the window panes.
Now the last dark closet is opened.
One can live in a good house.

This Week

Portrait of Himself

WAS ever a man so outrageously contradictory as Art Young: so simple and so wise, so grave and so funny, so tolerant and so didactic, so naive and so knowing, so banal and so impish—the opposites could be extended indefinitely. In "On My Way"* he has written and drawn a record of his thoughts, feelings, and recollections during six months of the past year. He is determined to omit nothing because it is trivial, nor does he. He includes much that is dull and flat, but next to an uninspired bit of reporting will be set down an anecdote or an observation buttered thick with native wit. And here and there is revealed a nice little streak of penetrating pessimism. He even emerges as a gentle satirist when the case demands it, and he can be as solemn as the Supreme Court in session.

Boiling Mad

With cause, he is enormously proud of his talent; yet he is the humblest man that ever became autobiographical. He is not a bit sure that his book is growing into a good one, and as he goes along he worries about this. But he goes along none the less—at the same gait and in the same manner. "After all," he seems to say, "this is Art Young—the bad as much as the good. If I left out a word or put in another that seemed more telling, the book would be Art Young plus or minus one word; it would be Art Young adulterated. If it is not as good as it might be, then neither, I suppose, am I. Besides, I suspect it *is* pretty good." Under the influence of some such modest metaphysic was the book written. The one thing that never occurs to the author is that he betrays himself in every line and every drawing as one of the most delightful human beings alive. He attempts to explain that, though popular, he has really rather a dour personality; though he would like to be decent, the capitalist system has made him close-fisted and fearful. He admits that his talent for anger is not great, but once he "stayed mad" for ten years at a tailor who refused to cash a check.

At the Masses *trial*

Along with the events of the days and with extensive comments on life, the author unrolls a pleasant if rather fragmentary news-reel of America in his time. Presidents, Senators, newspapermen, artists, rebels, almost every one you ever heard of, flicker through his book. He tells some impressive tales about La Follette and other, lesser statesmen; he talks of staff meetings on the old *Masses*, of varieties of cranks, of Eugene V. Debs sitting on a bench in Union Square with a group of down-and-outs. He describes an occasion during the Cleveland Convention in 1924 when he and the Editor of *The Nation*, walking along the street, were confronted by a banner "held high above a bursting brass band. 'The truth is out at last,' said Villard. On the banner I read 'The Nation Wants Coolidge.'"

Some important bits of Artiana are included in the book: a fragment of the famous speech of the Southern Congressman; his sketch of himself falling asleep at the *Masses* trial; the epic of the victoria. The fact is, of course, as the sketches on this page serve to indicate, only Art Young can convey Art Young.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

—*The Masses*

"'I Gorry, I'm tired!"
"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a-standin' over a hot stove all day an' you workin' in a nice, cool sewer!"

* Boni and Liveright.

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German Approaches to America

Das Amerikanische Wirtschaftswunder. Von Julius Hirsch. Berlin: S. Fischer. $2.10.

Das Land Gottes. Das geistige Amerika von Heute. Von Herman George Scheffauer. Hanover: Stegemann. $2.

Amerika und der Amerikanismus. Von Adolf Halfeld. Jena: Eugen Diederichs. $2.35.

Geld und Geist. Von M. J. Bonn. Berlin: S. Fischer. $1.80.

Zwischen Mensch und Wirtschaft. Von Leopold Ziegler. Darmstadt: Reichel. $4.50.

Ueber die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes. Von Erich Voegeln. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr. $3.60.

Amerikareise Deutscher Gewerkschaftsführer. Herausgegeben vom Allgemeinen Deutschen Gewerkschaftsbund. Berlin: $1.80.

Die Gewerkschaftsbewegung in den Vereinigten Staaten. Von Heinrich Pollak. Jena: G. Fischer. $4.50.

THE German post-war literature on America is a literature of many moods. There is first of all the mood of the small boy who has been permitted to go inside a Christmas window-display of toys. He has already heard about how wonderful it is going to be (he knows Mr. Ford's "My Life and Work" and "The Great Today, the Greater Tomorrow" practically by heart, and the heroic tales of other industrial magnates have formed much of his recent reading), and here he is watching the shiny engines run along the bright new tracks and the people moving about just exactly as though they were alive. With so much to do and so many gaily painted ways of doing it he is convinced the *amerikanische Wirtschaftswunder* has produced the best of all possible worlds.

There is also the mood of the other boy who does not care for games. He feels that little boys who spend their whole lives dashing from one game to another are spiritually non-existent, and he is further embittered because he finds that they are not content with managing their own games but reach out and seize control of the things which he likes to do, such as going to school, writing newspapers and books, giving plays. He feels that his kind of boy has been forced aside in the *Land Gottes* by a pushing youngster who has no understanding of aesthetics and is, upon occasion, unpleasantly moral.

Most of the books fall between these extreme moods. Adolf Halfeld's "Amerika und der Amerikanismus" fits in the class of social criticism through enumeration. The truth of the separate instances cited is undoubted; the truth of their sum is another matter. As a corrective of the enthusiasm for all things American which certain groups in Germany have based upon an admiration of technical progress, such a book has value; but it is worth questioning whether some of the weaknesses he mentions are as exclusively American as he suggests. In a number of cases he quotes American expressions as untranslatable into German; for example:

> Erziehung, die in Europa eben Erziehung und in Amerika "die Massenproduktion von uniformierten und stardardisierten Goose-Steppern" (unübersetzbar: Leute, die ihr Leben im Gänseschritt leben) . . . .
>
> [Education, which in Europe is education and in America "the mass-production of uniform and standardized *goose-steppers*" (the word cannot be translated: it means people who live their lives walking like geese) . . .]

One is inclined to inquire if at least those Germans who have had anything to do with the army would not understand him if he translated "goose-step" quite literally as *Gänsemarsch*, from which the American phrase directly derives.

In "Geld und Geist," barring the fulsome epilogue, M. J. Bonn has provided an introduction to American life of considerable discrimination. He reviews the factual basis of American politics, prosperity, and puritanism (the section on politics is particularly acute), and then proceeds to a keen analysis of the problems which result from America's combination of the three.

The philosophical significance of the new world, the pattern and meaning of the American way of life, are the subjects of the three chapters on America in Leopold Ziegler's "Zwischen Mensch und Wirtschaft," and of Erich Voegeln's "Ueber die Form des Amerikanischen Geistes." Ziegler concerns himself chiefly with the contrast between America and Europe. Europe bears the imprint of successive periods of history, none of which entirely superseded that which preceded it; they coexist, overlapping each other like strata on a bare mountain side. This characteristic of being a "time" people makes for specialization, differentiation, for individual personality. In America time in the sense of history did not begin until Europe had already lived through many ages. Here, space is the determining factor. An absence of limits, alike of time and of frontiers, has resulted in an unlimited abundance of possibilities, which causes America to question the very axioms on which European life has been built. The American feels himself in the Garden before the fall: he asks why sickness, why poverty?; the Christian Scientist even asks, why death? In doing so he risks losing in a facile optimism the tragic sense of life which has contributed much toward the European concept of personality.

The basis of Voegeln's interest in the form of the American spirit is neither factual nor philosophical; it is aesthetic. Fact and philosophy are plentifully present in his work, for the discussion ranges over both the personal implications of pragmatism as affecting the American concept of self and its institutional expressions in the American social structure. But his method is not that of the usual study. He has a general definition of the American spiritual form; it is the form of an "open" self, resulting from confidence, sociability, and a desire to escape from the burden of being alone, as contrasted to a "closed" self, developed through logic rather than fact, skeptical rather than optimistic, intensive rather than expansive. But he is not content to treat the American form thus platonically; his critique is done over the shoulders of two of its outstanding men, George Santayana and John R. Commons. The resulting concrete statement dramatizes his philosophy.

Among special phases of American life, the labor movement has recently received important treatment by German authors. The report on their trip to the United States made by the German Trade Union Delegation in 1926 presents, especially in the section on the Trade Union Movement in the United States by F. Tarnow, a concise presentation of current conditions. These have also been more fully discussed in Heinrich Pollak's "Die Gewerkschaftsbewegung in den Vereinigten Staaten." It is interesting that this study should appear at almost exactly the same time as the equally thorough French treatment of "Le Problème Ouvrier aux États-Unis" by André Philip.

H. D. HILL

A Balanced Study

America Seen Through German Eyes. By Dr. Arthur Feiler, editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung.* Translated by Margaret L. Goldsmith. New Republic. $1.

THIS able and valuable little book presents an interpretation of American life as seen by a distinguished German journalist. There is nothing in the book itself to prove that his nationality has in any way colored Dr. Feiler's observations. Besides being a writer with a delightful and straightforward style, Dr. Feiler is the most accurate and understanding of reporters, and his analysis of America is both penetrating and illuminating. He has a profound sympathy for a democracy trying to find itself in a machine and automobile age, and an age of great prosperity, yet, being a liberal, he sees clearly the dangers and evils of our present conditions, notably

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those of standardization and especially the standardization of individuals. On one page he has made a perfect statement of the child-labor situation. His characterization of the attitude of labor is to be found in this nutshell:

> To state the case schematically: some of the workers are too badly off to think of organization: others are too well off to see any advantage of organization; while a large majority only consider their problems as questions of the moment, and this is the decisive factor.

Again, his analysis of the Negro problem is amazing in its shrewdness and accuracy. It is impossible to think of another book that tells the story of the American industry so concisely. We agree with Mr. Eduard C. Lindeman, who in his preface to this volume declares that no other post-war European interpretation of American life has "reached an equal level of authenticity, insight, and discrimination." Well aware of current European criticisms of America, Dr. Feiler has judged independently of them, and he is another to acquit us of the charge of being entirely engrossed in our materialism.

This book should be in the hands of every intelligent foreigner who comes to America. It should be as standard in its field as is Baedeker among guide-books.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Modern Art in Germany

Bauhaus Bücher. Volumes 1-11. München: Albert Langen Verlag.

THE Bauhaus of Dessau is one of the unique institutions of Europe. Related somewhat to the Higher Art and Technical Workshops of Moscow and the Cizek School of Vienna, it is one of the rare art academies in which theory and practice are uncompromisingly modernist in every aspect. Under the guidance of such noted contemporary artists and architects as Kandinsky, Klee, Gropius, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy, G. Muche, and others the Bauhaus offers long and thorough training to men and women in pure and applied art; not, however, in the medieval spirit of the guild or domestic labor but with full regard to recent industrial development. A synthesis of beauty and utility is sought and the unity of all the arts on a social basis and application is postulated about architecture as the central and dominant art. Together with the training in technique and practice of some special trade or profession, which every pupil can resort to for a livelihood, great stress is laid on character building, on self-reliance and independence. The pupil is given a certain amount of information necessary to every intelligent person and is constantly taught to assert himself and to find orientation in any given circumstances.

In an effort to state in permanent form the basic doctrines underlying the practice of modern art in every field that might serve as a sort of post-graduate extension course to wide circles of interested students everywhere, the Bauhaus is publishing a series of booklets edited by W. Gropius and L. Moholy-Nagy, in their way as remarkable as the institution itself. Written by men who are expert in the subjects dealt with, their aim is to treat in clear language questions of art, architecture, and the crafts from the standpoint of the practitioner. Thus Gropius and Oud, both architects of eminence, write about their own field. Gropius (Volume 1) summarizes the development of functional architecture and the effect of machinery on it in America, France, Germany, Holland, and other lands. J. J. P. Oud (Volume 10) traces in detail the aims and achievements of Dutch architecture and thereby records some of the most successful experiments of modern European architecture. L. Moholy-Nagy (Volume 8) discusses photography in its relation to the cinema, advertising, painting, etc., delimits the functions of each, and effectively destroys the fallacy of "artistic" photography and photographic art. Kandinsky (Volume 9) analyzes artistic creation as it proceeds from point and line to complete composition. Malevitch (Volume 11) investigates the essential "superadded" element of art not found in nature. Mondrian (Volume 5) seeks to establish the theoretic basis of "Neo-plasticism." Doesburg (Volume 6) reexamines the formative factors of all the arts in their interrelation. Other volumes treat of theatrical experiments, of crafts in metal, wood, glass, etc.

It is curious and instructive to find Kandinsky, Klee, Malevitch, artists so thoroughly subjective, intuitive, so dependent on the "inscrutable," proceed with as much of purely logical ratiocination as the proponents of the rigidly objective method, Moholy-Nagy and Doesburg. But the fact that the artists disagree with and among themselves does not make the books less interesting. The books abound in provocative and challenging ideas that tend constantly to disturb the readers' equilibrium and might lead some to reexamine and perhaps even revise their opinions. The volumes are profusely and beautifully illustrated with clear and large cuts; their make-up is exemplary: clear type, ample margins, effective layouts. Whoever holds that modernism is no accident or whim but roots in the social factors of our time and is a logical phase in the evolution of art—and the ubiquitousness of modernism makes any other view scarcely tenable—will find these booklets a source of first-rate importance both as key to the work of certain interesting individualities and as a general index to a state of mind of which they form a part.

LOUIS LOZOWICK

Petroleum Politics

Oelpolitik und angelsächsischer Imperialismus. Von Karl Hoffmann. Berlin: Ring Verlag.

THIS is a familiar kind of German book. It consists of 430 large-size pages and hardly a sentence without its facts and thoughts. Beginning with the appearance of oil on the international stage, it takes the reader to every country of the world, to the directoral offices of every oil company in the world, and to almost every major and minor political event in the last decade in order to show the connection between these and oil imperialism. Though the result is a mixture of very germane points with considerable more or less irrelevant data, this is undoubtedly the best book on petroleum politics ever published and might well be translated into English—after expert pruning.

The title reveals the author's chief concern. Herr Hoffmann does not maintain, any more than other petrol politicians, that oil is today the only cause of international conflicts. But dig down through the debris of words, and petroleum will be discovered as the basic fuel of many a situation and the final spark which sets many a diplomatic motor into motion. In the relations between the United States and Great Britain oil undoubtedly plays a leading role. It is a decisive factor in the present and future of Anglo-Saxon cooperation or friction.

The known petroleum resources of the world are divided, more or less evenly, among British and American companies and the Soviet Union. Oil imperialism is thus a three-cornered fight among Great Britain, the United States, and Russia in which the last is more passive than positive.

The question of Anglo-Saxon unity has been much debated. As between the United States and the United Kingdom there are few serious sources of friction. Their banking systems supplement one another and our high tariff is not aimed at English goods. But as between the American and British commercial and geographical empires there are numerous seeds of friction. Mr.

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BORZOI GERMAN LITERATURE

The Devil's Shadow

by FRANK THIESS

"Those of us who read the first novel of Frank Thiess to be translated into English—*The Gateway to Life*—will open the second with a thrill of expectancy. In it Herr Thiess, of the younger generation of German novelists, continues a great undertaking in a great way. *The Devil's Shadow* is an epic of adolescence. Caspar Muller, whom some of us must remember as one of the lively group of students in the first novel, represents the type of pseudo-intellectual, talented, attractive and unstable, who follow every light that flashes in an ecstasy of ego-worship. His gradual disintegration is the more ironic in that it seems, to himself, success . . . Women, some charming, some disreputable, come into his life, but his passions of the flesh are always secondary to his great passion for himself. With mental facility, but no strength, he justifies his weaknesses by materialistic philosophy, and dabbles successively in gambling, politics and blackmail. We leave him on the way to America, outlawed and expatriated, but complacent in his new position as agent for a sort of high-finance Venusburg, a colossal organization for elegant debauchery."—*The Philadelphia Inquirer* $3.00

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Hoover would mention coffee and rubber. London is not happy at seeing Canada become an economic colony of her southern neighbor, nor is it pleasant to watch Australia turn to New York for loans and investment capital. Our business with India is increasing and Wall Street has put direct pressure on the City to convert India—the world's greatest silver market—to a gold standard and thus tie her financially to the Federal Reserve chain. Americans meet and compete with British in South America, Mexico, China, Persia, and elsewhere. The latest development is United States penetration into Abyssinia. Everywhere it is the urge for raw materials and for markets for goods and greenbacks.

Oil is one of the most important of raw materials. It is an element in naval as well as commercial rivalry. Hoffmann emphasizes the military value of the liquid at the expense of the commercial. On this score some Communist authorities have taken him to task. They would stress the dollar-and-cents factor. Personally I believe that oil imperialism is a combination of both, that now the one influence and now the other determines policy in a given situation, and that governments bear at least as much of the responsibility as private companies—especially in Great Britain and the United States.

The British-American oil war has a history, but it is no continuous affair. It is more an intermittent combination of battles and armistices. Indeed, the battle may rage in one part of the world and peace reign in another. The fundamental tendency, however, is struggle. That is the moral of Herr Hoffmann's fine volume.

LOUIS FISCHER

Poet of German Unpreparedness

Des grossen Kampfliegers, Landfahrers, Gauklers und Magiers Till Eulenspiegel Abenteuer, Streiche, Gaukeleien, Gesichte und Träume. Von Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

GERMANY is not only producing books more rapidly than any other country has ever produced them; she is also producing more handsome books than any other country has to offer. One of the most distinguished of her recent publications is Gerhart Hauptmann's "Till Eulenspiegel," a puzzling mystical epic, in hexameters worthy of the elegant quarto format, the solid binding, and the clean, stately type. "Till Eulenspiegel" is as cosmic, as baffling, as unfinished as the more ambitious of its predecessors have always been—a manner that fits the matter. "Gerhart Hauptmann," said Eugen Kühnemann in 1922, "ist und war nicht anders als der Dichter der deutschen Unfertigkeit."

The "unpreparedness" in this instance may be taken as literally as one pleases. The theme of the book is the foolish Titan, Germany, who rushed into a totally unwise and wicked war, and whose later sufferings are still the fruit of selfishness and blindness. The twentieth-century Till whose fantastic doings and generous, futile dreams are the framework of the poem is—as far as he is anybody or anything more tangible than the broken flights of the poet's wounded fancy—a Silesian war ace who has brought down French and British fliers by the dozen, and who knows now that every such homicide was the blackest murder. Cain in his own person, and sensitive scapegoat, moreover, for the sins and follies of his race and kind, his reason totters—what is insanity, after all, but a clarity of vision which cannot endure the glaring evidence of the world's murderous and suicidal folly?—and he wanders about Germany, like his whimsical name-cousin of half a millennium ago, with an owl, a mirror, and other grotesque plunder in a broken-down cart dragged by two repulsive nags christened Gall and Poison, studying the samples of human imbecility which are to be found at every crossroad and every street corner, drawing a perverse solace from grotesqueries seen and perpetrated, and a more lingering delight from dreaming.

Hauptmann's Till would scarcely have been possible without the "Eulenspiegel Reimenweise" of the sixteenth century satirist Johannes Fischart. The owl and mirror of the mad wag who delighted simple and gentle in the full-blooded fourteenth century, and whose reputed tomb is yet to be seen just out of Lübeck, are still conspicuous enough in this desolate epic of the twentieth, and the aviator's leather helmet is tailored without much difficulty into the fool's cap with its bell-pendants; but it was Fischart who first made the wag's exploits a vehicle for political, religious, and social satire. Hauptmann has brought Fischart down to date, in a vastly different spirit, it is true. He is capable of realism just as frank and stark—at intervals—but he has forgotten the old guffaw. This contemporary Till is no big-bellied buffoon, he is a sick-brained gentleman whose awkward antics are as painful as the sad scenes in some madhouse. But when he forgets his buffoonery we have mouth-filling music, in this strong, much-consonanted hexameter whose scansion is now and then a problem but which for the most part moves forward like a well-disciplined, muscular army.

The twentieth-century Till goes out of the world very quietly, without any of the boisterous tomfoolery that accompanied the demise of his immortal forebear. He wanders up into the Swiss Alps and, noticing an airplane fall, conceives the idea of imitating it and drops smiling over a precipice. After? As to that, reports vary. There are rumors that he does not rest quiet in his grave, but still indulges at times in laughing and bell-tinkling. It is hinted that angels of light and spirits of darkness have been overheard quarreling over possession of his soul. But there can scarcely be two opinions as to his ultimate fate ("Doch heisst's, dass der Tote ein gutes Gespenst ist"); for if Till-Hauptmann has no medicine for the world's malady, the suffering it visibly causes him is sufficient warrant for the goodness of his heart.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Walther Rathenau

Walther Rathenau: Sein Leben und sein Werk. Von Harry Graf Kessler. Berlin-Grunewald: Verlag Hermann Klemm A. G. Mark 8.

NO greater loss has come to the German Republic during the first ten years of its existence than that inflicted upon the whole nation through the murder in 1922 of the Minister of Foreign Affairs Walther Rathenau. That this assassination of Germany's foremost statesman immediately after he had won, at Genoa and Rapallo, the first success for German after-war diplomacy should have been the result of an ultra-German Nationalist conspiracy, seems a fitting external symbol of the deep inner tragedy. His life, from beginning to end, was one long struggle to overcome the conflict of Jewish and German character, of intellect and soul, of democracy and absolutism, of socialism and capitalism, of humanity and race. Count Harry Kessler, the well-known pacifist, has in a masterly fashion depicted this tragedy, making us realize that in the strivings, discords, failures, and achievements of this extraordinary man the deepest problems of our civilization are reflected.

Rathenau has never been a renegade to his Jewish blood. But throughout his life he has passionately striven to be more than a Jew. He felt the curse of the consciousness of inferiority forced upon his race by two thousand years of humiliation and persecution. He despised the religion of fear embodied in the Old Testament and perpetuated in the Talmud. He feverishly clung to a religion of courage as preached by Jesus, Socrates, Spinoza, Goethe, Fichte. He admired the "blond beast" of the Nordic type. And he proclaimed not only for himself but for all his kin the duty of adaptation to the noblest and highest in German character and culture.

To the German people he gave unreservedly his own abun-

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Significant Facts in October

The Nation Applauds

The trans-Atlantic flight of the Graf Zeppelin.
THE NATION, October 24, 31

The establishment of the new Nationalist Government of China.
THE NATION, October 24

The release of the last political prisoner in the United States.
THE NATION, October 24

The demand issued by forty-five distinguished Southerners that the race issue be not dragged into the campaign.
THE NATION, October 31

The tendency toward the economic and financial recognition of Russia indicated in the contract signed by the Amtorg Trading Company acting for the Soviet Government and the International General Electric Company.
THE NATION, October 31

The remarkable achievement of the Germans in restoring to their people prosperity and peace in ten years' time.
THE NATION, November 7

The Nation Deplores

The neglect by both major parties of the real issues of the campaign and the revelation of the existence on a large scale of religious stupidity, blindness and intolerance.
THE NATION, October 24, 31

The new oil scandal surrounding the renewal by Secretary Work of the Government's contract with the Sinclair interests for the oil of the Salt Creek fields.
THE NATION, October 24, 31

The advocacy of a high protective tariff by Hoover and also by Smith, who thereby abandons the historic policy of his party.
THE NATION, October 24

The destruction by police of the civil liberties of the Workers' (Communist) Party in its election meetings and in the New Bedford (Mass.) strike.
THE NATION, October 24, 31

The refusal of public-utility officials to answer questions about disbursements for propaganda and politics put to them by the Federal Trade Commission.
THE NATION, October 31

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Mr. Rukeyser is the author of "The Common Sense of Money and Investments" and "Financial Advice to a Young Man." He was formerly financial and business editor of the New York Tribune *and the New York* Evening Journal.

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dant power of thought and action. Twice his action saved Germany from immediate collapse. First, in 1914, when he, the civilian, the democrat, the outsider, forced upon the General Staff his conviction of the absolute necessity of commandeering the conservation, production, and distribution of all raw materials for war purposes. Without his assumption of the administration of this fundamental part of the military organization, the German army within a few months would have been without the necessary supplies for carrying on the war, and the battle of Tannenberg as well as the successes in Belgium and northern France would speedily have been followed by an Allied thrust toward Berlin. After the downfall of the imperial regime, anti-Semitic propaganda prevented Rathenau's candidacy for the Weimar National Assembly. But when it came to reviving national resources from the crushing defeat, when the vital question of how to fulfil the staggering conditions of Versailles without complete disaster had to be faced, the Jew Rathenau once more assumed leadership, in directing German foreign policies. He fully realized the danger of further French aggression, he clearly saw the annexation of Rhineland and Ruhr as Poincaré's goal, he bent all his energies upon thwarting such attempts at the start, by creating an atmosphere of trust in Germany's willingness and ability to live up to her financial treaty obligations, by summoning the former enemies of Germany to cooperation with her in the restoration of Europe. Neither he nor those who followed him in office have achieved full success in this work. But the worst at least has been averted thereby.

But this man of amazing practical sagacity was at the same time a profound theorist, a visionary mystic. His whole nature rebelled against the mechanization of life which is an inevitable part of this industrial age. The artist in him recognized the barrenness of what is merely intellectual. He, the captain of industry, the financial magnate, whose banks, smelting furnaces, electric plants, mines covered the whole continent, longed constantly for the freeing of the soul from the shackles of material pursuits, craved for an activity unfettered by selfish motives, and dreamed of the liberation of the masses from inherited class slavery. In the darkest years of the war, 1917 and 1918, he wrote two books—"Of Coming Things" and "The New Industrialism"—in which from the inevitable breakdown of the old monarchist and capitalist order he prophesied a new socialized order where the solidarity of feeling produced by the war would lead to the abolition of proletarian conditions. And, immediately after Versailles, he demanded in his "New Society" a radical reconstruction of the whole national production by introducing a year of obligatory industrial service for all Germans, in place of the former military service.

Such was the cosmopolitan patriot whose noble career was prematurely ended by Nationalist fanaticism.

KUNO FRANCKE

Streaked with Promise

Storming Heaven. By Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WHEN "Storming Heaven" made its first appearance in England a critic said: "Mr. Fox's book makes the world more interesting." That is a fine, simple, and true statement, for here is a surprisingly vital novel, frontier-enlarging and streaked gloriously with promise. A story about a youth, it is itself youthful, in the older, decaying meaning of the word; that is, it is fresh, energetic, grave, and romantic. It is possible to read "Storming Heaven" quickly, for its merely entertaining qualities. From this point of view it becomes an adventure story of Soviet Russia with a wild, untutored American lad as the unconvincing, if pleasant, protagonist. Read it more carefully and a sense of excited bewilderment arises, for at a dozen points the book rises sharply above the adventure-story level and makes us demand from the author more, perhaps, than his tale, as he planned it, required him to give.

Mr. Fox seems to have started out with a clear intention of making use of two of his many gifts: a splendid feeling for rapid and picturesque narrative and a deep, meaty knowledge of the length and breadth of present-day Russia. First he lifts his young vagabond, John, from the bluffs of Puget Sound and deposits him in that mad Vladivostok of the early 1920's whose farcical aspects William Gerhardi caught so amusingly in "The Polyglots." Then, to give his talent for panorama a chance, Mr. Fox shifts to the picaresque. John throws in his lot with a starveling Russian duo who pick up their infrequent kopeks by acting out "The Altogether Astonishing Tragedy of the Love and Death of Napoleon, Emperor of the World" for the benefit of gaping peasants. After this opera-bouffe interval, the story makes a characteristic turn. John takes up with a group of nomadic Kirghiz horsemen. The panorama quickens and broadens: an amazing sense is given of life awakening wholesale over the steppes of southern Russia. The mighty conflict between the tractor and the atavistic Asian spirit is dramatized in a hundred ways. But panorama is not all: the book lifts like a wave as the souls of the Kirghiz, melancholy, black, romantic with an intensity far beyond Western conception, are lit up with a strong, sure illumination. The tragedy of Andrei Sergeivich, for example, is worthy of Conrad; and it is merely one of the magnificent interpolations that impel the reader to ask again and again: Is this book, with its Jack London hero and its clever glamor, merely the high-class adventure story that its publishers term it—or is the author teasing us with glimpses of a talent ludicrously superior to the actual intrigue?

What is one to do when Mr. Fox, after elevating us to the tragic heights of the Andrei Sergeivich episode, coolly introduces us to his two cinema ladies, as if in self-conscious obedience to the laws of melodrama? On the one hand we have Nadya, the strong, good woman, the serious and deep-breasted female Bolshevik who tries to influence the Villonesque John in the direction of the Better Life; on the other hand is Neura, the fatal and vampirine beauty who shakes out cruel gipsy dances on the hearts of men until John's strangling hands administer fifth-reel justice. The cue is simple: one is just about to settle down to a lazy enjoyment of a vivid, fervent melodrama cast skilfully in a familiar mold when another disturbing scene is introduced. Under the Chinese Wall in Moscow Mr. Fox collects a group of crippled beggars, diseased peasants, mad monks, the dregs of all the Russias, the leprous outcasts who are being so ruthlessly cut off from the body politic by the great surgeon's knife of the Bolsheviki. Without the slightest strain, Mr. Fox reproduces the talk of these miserable creatures—and with such power and pity and understanding that we are suddenly confronted with an adult artist dealing with moving material.

It is almost incredible that an Englishman should reveal so much emotional sympathy for the Soviet experiment, that he should transcend at once the usual political preoccupations and view the Russian metamorphosis as a deeply religious change. With what nonchalance he rises above stereotyped judgments, entering into the strange, intense life of Soviet Moscow as if there were no slightest barrier of race or tradition between him and a people which is still almost a literary curiosity to the Westerner.

The conviction returns: "Storming Heaven" is the uneven work of a young creative talent, luxuriantly gifted and, perhaps with a slight ironic arrogance, trying its hand on a plot and a trio of main characters obviously beneath its best efforts. Here is a book trying its hardest to be a thrilling tale of adventure and every fifty pages or so blowing up into something splendid and deeply felt. There are few living English novelists whose next work will be awaited by the writer with more eager expectancy than the author of "Storming Heaven."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

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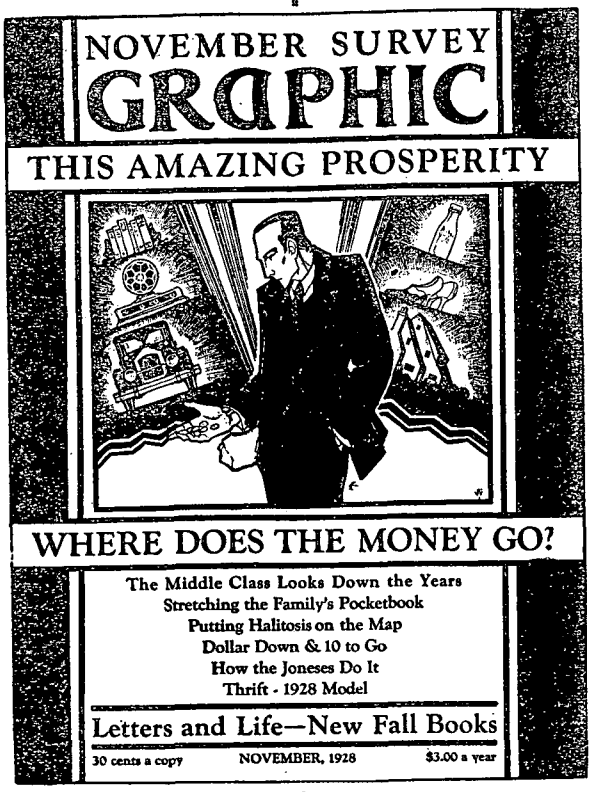
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Books in Brief

The Travel-Diaries of William Beckford of Fonthill. Edited with a Memoir and Notes by Guy Chapman. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $12.50.

A new edition of "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents," "Sketches of Spain and Portugal," and "Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha." Mr. Chapman has written an agreeable introduction, setting straight many matters in the biography of Beckford and clearing up the scandalous affair with William Courtenay which, justly or unjustly, made Beckford an outcast and a recluse from eighteenth-century English society. The author of these lively if romantically mannered travel letters is surely one of the strangest men on record, and it was quite worth while to reprint him in this handsome form.

The Future of an Illusion. By Sigmund Freud. Horace Liveright and the Institute of Psycho-Analysis. $2.

In this brief essay Freud continues his recent tendency to discuss large human problems in the light of his psychology. The illusion referred to is religion and the argument is directed chiefly against those who maintain that faith in God, even though rationally indefensible, justifies itself by its human and social usefulness. Freud replies that the comfort which it brings is analogous to that which the neurotic draws from his delusions and that the health of the human race, like that of the human individual, is to be sought only through a progressive adjustment to reality.

Faits divers. Par Henri Barbusse. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 12 francs.

Henri Barbusse is a voice crying in the wilderness of corruption, callousness, and cruelty in high places. Literary artist turned convinced social apostle, like Tolstoi, everything of his is both well written and grippingly genuine. "Faits divers" is a collection of records of ghastly tyranny and persecution from various quarters of the globe, from war-time France, the rotten and bloody little oligarchies of Eastern Europe, Primo de Rivera's Spain, French colonial Africa, American meddling in Mexico, the mistreated American Indian, the misrepresented Jesus, and, perhaps most appealing of all, the ten thousand tortured mine-horses in France. It is unfortunate that Barbusse allows his literary sense or his credulity to lead him into overstatements which prejudice his case. The Lord knows the reality is bad enough, and every one of his attacks is deserved.

State Government. By Frank G. Bates and Oliver P. Field. Harper and Brothers. $3.75.

In spite of the fact that bigger and bigger textbooks for college or university students have become a recognized order of the day, one may still be permitted to wonder how any teacher contrives to use in the classroom a book which, like this, seems to contain about everything that anybody except a specialist would ever want to know about the subject. The old-fashioned recitation has been dead and buried in most institutions these thirty years, lectures are pretty thin that only repeat the text, and discussion of questions of fact is as juiceless as a repetition of the catechism. It may at least be said of the present 500-page volume, however, that it is well-arranged, sensible, and up to date, and that the student who masters it will have learned a great deal. Substantively, the book differs from other manuals of the same exhaustive kind chiefly in matters of emphasis. What is said about the initiative and referendum, for example, is divided between the chapter devoted to the electorate and the one devoted to the legislature. State constitutions and interstate and federal relations receive more than ordinarily full treatment, and questions of legislation and finance are accorded exceptional space. It is interesting to note that the authors, after teaching the subject for seven years before putting their material into a book, are not disposed to give too much credit to what they call the "current formulas and practices of democracy," and that the tone of "reform" is lacking in what they write. The chart illustrating the organization of the executive branch of the government of Indiana is a striking visualization of the complexity which State government in this country has attained.

Hogarth Essays. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

It was an excellent idea to select from the two series of Hogarth Essays published in England by Leonard and Virginia Woolf these eleven pieces which represent roughly the point of view of the Bloomsbury School. Virginia Woolf's "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown" still remains, upon rereading, the best statement yet rendered of the case against Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy. Mr. Eliot's three essays on John Dryden, The Metaphysical Poets, and Andrew Marvell make one wish once more that his pen were more fertile than it is. The other contributions are less interesting, with the exception of Roger Fry's remarks on The Artist and Psycho-Analysis. Gertrude Stein continues to furnish her usual excellent variety performance with her Composition as Explanation. There is also an intimate sketch of Henry James by Theodora Bosanquet, who was once his secretary. Like most eulogies of him it does its best to present a fascinating personality and succeeds in presenting a dull and disagreeable being.

Drama

Gallant Defeat

CERTAIN societies—notably that of the late eighteenth century—have amazed succeeding ages by the readiness of their tears. "Sensibility" was admired more than any other spiritual trait and weeping was so obviously a modish occupation that the feeblest author might be sure he could touch the heart even though he could not do anything else. But the eighteenth century is a long way behind us and it is not easy to get under the skin of a contemporary audience, for the intellectual and the man-about-town are alike in priding themselves upon a certain emotional inaccessibility. They may be moved to laughter, of course; they may be moved to indignation, and even, upon rare occasions, to thought; but all the defenses go up when any attempt is made to strike through their armor and appeal directly to that organ—the heart—of whose existence we have become, for very complicated reasons, ashamed. Tragedy, with its compensating grandeur, is a lost art, and mere pity embarrasses us unless, perchance, it can be fortified with the tonic bitterness of irony or at least transmuted into indignation against some remediable wrong.

Under the circumstances it is doubtful if any producer who felt no obligation to stage a play merely because it happened to be an honest and effective bit of writing would risk his money upon "Exceeding Small" (Comedy Theater) which now appears as the first of the season's offerings to be sponsored by the Actors Theater. Here, in spite of a perfectly frank realism and a careful avoidance of anything merely sentimental, is nothing which could possibly be called "hard boiled," and here is, on the contrary, an appeal to a pity which cannot possibly become anything except its own hopeless self. The subject of the play is not unlike that of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children," and the writing is marked by some indefinable touches of nature which give it a quality reminiscent of that piece; but whereas Mr. Anderson allowed his characters to temporize with their destiny, Caroline Frank, author of the present tragedy, permits hers no escape.

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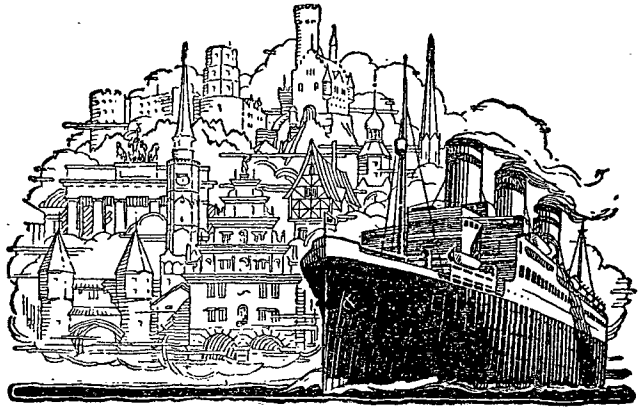

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To the little shipping clerk who loves a telephone operator she gives a certain gallantry of spirit and a certain elementary clarity of vision, but these avail them little. He knows and the girl knows that time, aided by poverty, will wear out their ecstasy even more quickly than it does that of more fortunate people; and they are willing to embark upon their adventure knowing that they must ultimately lose, as all their older acquaintances have lost, when the drabness of two rooms and a kitchenette gradually conquers the buoyancy of youth. But though they are willing to take their two or three years in the full knowledge that they can get no more, calamity, mocking this fortitude, descends suddenly upon them to deprive them of that little with which they had resigned themselves to be content. Nothing fantastic, nothing which might not happen to any one of thousands, befalls them, but they end with the unlighted gas-jet open and their action is not in the least degree incredible. Neither one was a great or important person, but asking little they got nothing, and there is no answer to their charge that whatever just gods may be are singularly unmindful of details like these in the management of their universe.

When the contemporary writer does occupy himself with the unrelievedly tragic aspects of life it is usually to some drab scene like this that he turns, and the artistic problem involved is always the problem of finding some means by which his play or his book can be made to yield that something more than mere pain which every work of art, however somber, must give. When faith in justice has gone, some faith in man, however elementary it may be, must remain if the story is to be still worth the telling, for if life is no more than the struggle of wholly insignificant people against unbeatable odds then it would be better to turn one's eyes from the shameful spectacle instead of endeavoring to reenact it in a theater. This irreducible minimum of alleviation Miss Frank provides by her gentle emphasis upon that certain gallantry of spirit which characterizes her hero and her heroine. They go down with their poor little flags still flying and the sight of them makes just bearable what would otherwise be intolerable

In "Olympia" (Empire Theater) plot and characterization are spread pretty thin even for Molnar, but I find his impudent wit and unflagging dexterity still amusing. Two new musical entertainments demand mention. "Three Cheers" (Globe Theater) was given profitable heart interest by the noble sacrifice of Will Rogers who came to the aid of his injured friend, Fred Stone. Rogers was dutifully applauded and some of the more patriotic Broadwayites had tears in their eyes, but Rogers needs, of course, no such ballyhooing and he is at his very best in the current entertainment. "Animal Crackers" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) is an insane vehicle designed for the Marx Brothers. I can only say that it seems to me the most hilarious entertainment of its kind I have ever seen.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In "Mr. Moneypenny" (Liberty Theater) Channing Pollock has put into practice a standard rule for successful preaching: Talk loudly and clearly about something which everyone knows. Mr. Pollock's text is "Money is Not Everything," and his method is homiletic impressionism reminiscent of "The Beggar on Horseback," the *Daily Worker*, and Eddie Guest. The acting, particularly that of Donald Meek and Hale Hamilton, is excellent.

Two players hold the stage for two hours in Eugene Walter's English version of Louis Verneuil's French drama, "Jealousy" (Maxine Elliott Theater), and not until the middle of the last act does the shortage of characters appear to be a drawback. Then a poignant and authentic study of a jealous husband and a frightened wife breaks down for a few moments into jejune melodrama. But, on the whole, the evening is a triumph for the workmanship of the authors and the art of Fay Bainter and John Halliday. P. B.

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International Relations Section

Japan Dams "Dangerous Thoughts"

By WALKER G. MATHESON

JAPAN which fears radicalism as a threat to the Mikado far more than imperial Russia trembled before nihilism and anarchism will spend at least $1,500,000 (3,083,000 yen) during the next fiscal year to "improve the national thought" and wipe out trends toward socialism.

Extreme socialistic sermons and communistic cries all are regarded in Japan as "dangerous thoughts." Especially since the culmination of the World War and the bolshevization of Russia, thousands of students and labor leaders have been arrested for expressing menacing opinions toward the government. The idea of socialism is repugnant to most Japanese. This is due primarily to the fact that, since radical ideas are thrusts at the Throne, they constitute lese-majesty of the worst sort. Such ideas, too, are regarded as sacrilegious because they are aimed at the status of the emperor, himself regarded as a sort of god and descendant of the gods. Lastly, any new idea directed against the government or any office-holder, from cabinet members to mere police officers, can be regarded as a form of conspiracy against the Throne because all public officers are deemed to represent the Mikado personally in performance of their duties.

The manner in which Japan proposes to dam the growing wave of communism and socialism is unique. The principal work will be carried on in the universities and middle schools, always hotbeds of new ideas the world over. The Government will appropriate nearly $75,000 to extend the present unofficial system of the Ministry of Education to supervise students. The step has been taken by the Government on its own responsibility with the understanding that the ministry will cooperate in wiping out "dangerous thoughts" among the students.

The Ministry of Education will create a special research board of six members to watch over the general trend of student thought. All educational institutions will be required to submit periodic reports to this board giving in detail what the general student body is thinking. It is expected that by this system any new tendency toward "forbidden thinking" which is considered so menacing to the empire can be spotted easily.

Each institution will have a supervisor of students whose business it will be to sound out their thoughts and locate mental maladjustments. Students are not to be kept under control or constant watch, however. The "thought supervisors" are to act as advisers whom the students might take into fullest confidence if dangerous thoughts do arise to disturb them. It is pointed out that, with the supervisors acting as fathers to the students, they will go a long way toward helping them from falling permanent victims to dangerous thoughts.

Besides the $75,000 appropriated by the Government for detective work in the schools, the Ministry of Education will receive an additional $750,000 to establish the "thought watchers." The monitors also will be required to be on the watch for secret societies organized for social-study research, for it is well known that when students are forbidden to take up radical doctrines they are the more eager to do that very thing. The ministry also is to ask for $85,000 for the development of spiritual culture and $427,500 for the extension of the curriculum to include adequate social education.

"Dangerous thoughts" in other branches also will be fought tooth and nail by the Government. The War and Navy ministries will ask for large sums for extensive lectures and pamphlets to direct the thoughts of soldiers and sailors, among whom the Japanese Communists have been working with some success. Courses in "better thoughts" in schools conducted by the army and navy also are to be created.

Policemen, it is announced, will be required to attend special schools for the exact purpose of studying "dangerous thoughts." They will be instructed by lecturers who are known to have studied "dangerous thoughts" but who at the same time are considered by the authorities as immune to the workings of the thoughts themselves. The police instruction is being arranged so that the officers will be better able to detect perilous tendencies toward radicalism.

The Communications Ministry, it is announced, will receive nearly $300,000 during the next fiscal year for the stated purpose of improving thoughts of the thousands of postal and telegraph office employees throughout the nation.

The Japanese version of communism is an exotic. As such, new Japan, ever ready to adapt itself to foreignisms, is eager over it, the same as it is over cowboy hats, the cinema, and other strange importations. The Government, anxious as it is to occidentalize Japan in many ways, is zealous, however, in mantaining the morale and morals of the nation. Western dancing is curbed as much as possible, the films are censored rigidly, and "dangerous thoughts" are absolutely tabooed. In the latter respect it is interesting to note that fascism causes little alarm and attracts no attention because the government idea of fascism is that it is a natural growth. It bears no threat to the state because it is cloaked as super-patriotism, with a self-imposed, professed mission of defending the existing order. When the activities of the so-called Japanese fascism culminates in political assassination, it causes less excitement among Japanese than a mildly communistic soap-box speech in Hibiya Park. The Japanese form of fascism, in the government mind, is more a nuisance than a menace. There are more than thirty Japanese fascist societies, composed of super-patriots engaged in zealous reform, blackmail, and murder of politicians. They are, as a rule, unmolested.

Student clubs, labor meetings, and farmer rallies, on the other hand, always are under the scrutinizing eye of the police in the belief that they produce alien, "dangerous thoughts." Raids on such gatherings result in hundreds of arrests. Less than half of those taken in custody are released on grounds that they show positive signs of giving up "dangerous thoughts" and returning to more orthodox tenets. It has only been within the past month that police bans on preliminary hearings of alleged Communists in Japan have been lifted. The ban on seven Osaka hearings has been removed, with no indication of how many more there are to come. Tokio never has lifted the bans on radical hearings since 1925.

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Although Tokio is a hotbed of radicals, most of whom are students, Osaka, the manufacturing city of the empire, is regarded as the center of the Japan Communist Party. Its leaders as a rule receive their training in the Oriental Communist University in Moscow, and, besides spreading propaganda among the factory workers and farmers, they are known to have planted a large quantity of communist pamphlets in the army and navy.

Japanese communist leaders are young men in their twenties. The Osaka *Mainichi* has this to say of them:

> They are becoming independent of their parents and imbued with zeal and courage for the practice of their principles and ideals. They are not fully experienced in social life and apt to be misled by novel and extraordinary doctrines. They are prone to be captured by radicalism and are ready to make themselves martyrs to it. We pity thoughtless victims as we hate radical leaders endeavoring to mislead young, innocent men with premature judgment and views of life.

That the Orient is afraid of communism more than any other Western influence is seen plainly in Japan's desperate attempt to curb radicalism and in China's wholesale "red raids." Revolution in Japan often has been prophesied since the World War. The present efforts of the Government to curb communism, a movement generally believed to be financed from Moscow, may be taken to portend that the Government itself is not so sure that a revolt is not far off. It was in 1868 that Japan threw off the tyrannical yoke of the Shoguns, placing the Mikado on the throne as the real rather than nominal ruler. Japan is now the only remaining absolute empire. Perhaps it is Young Japan's dream to make it an obsolete empire. At any rate there is something on the horizon, and to the Mikado it may look red.

The Spoils System at Geneva

WILL the Secretariat of the League of Nations become a dumping-ground for nationalist politicians? The danger of such a calamity has been recognized by the Assembly of the League in a resolution passed at the last session, and a warning has been sounded by the Foreign Policy Association in its *News Bulletin,* from which we quote the following excerpts:

Within the last few months much concern has been felt over developments within the Secretariat at Geneva. This body, which consists of 465 members representing thirty-four nationalities, day by day does the spade-work for the meetings of the Council, the Assembly, and the various commissions. . . . The success of the League depends upon the intellectual capacity, but primarily upon the international-mindedness of its permanent officials. . . . When Signor Anzilotti resigned from the Secretariat to become a judge on the World Court in 1921, the fourth committee of the Assembly voted to suppress as unnecessary the post of Under-Secretary-General which he occupied; but this action was finally reversed and another Italian appointed to the position—obviously for political reasons. When Germany entered the League in 1926, a new and, what has been widely regarded as unnecessary, position of Under-Secretary-General, to be occupied by a German, was created. And when Spain returned to the League this September, it was on the understanding that a Spaniard should be head of the minorities section.

Originally, members of the League Secretariat consisted of former professors, publicists, or government officials who,

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upon entering the League service, willingly cut themselves off from a national point of view and embarked upon an international career. But later appointments, made to satisfy political considerations, have usually been of professional diplomats. Originally not a single Under-Secretary-General was a diplomatic official, but at present three out of the four fall into that category. The increase of the diplomatic element in other positions of the Secretariat seems equally marked. It is the practice of most foreign offices to include service upon the League Secretariat within the period which determines the retiring age and pension of the diplomat concerned. In April, 1927, Mussolini proclaimed the rule that no Italian could take service with an international public institution without the previous consent of the Italian Government. . . .

From the standpoint of the morale of the Secretariat, the situation is grave. Promotions to the high posts are not made from within the ranks; the plums are reserved for diplomats of the great Powers who temporarily leave their respective services for a turn at Geneva. It is not now possible for a young man to look upon the Secretariat as offering a permanent international career. The advancement of high officials for the moment at Geneva would seem to depend upon how well they serve national, rather than international, interests.

This situation will inevitably affect the willingness of states to bring their troubles to Geneva. If states A and B become involved in a dispute and if a diplomat from state B happens to be in charge of political questions in the Secretariat, state A will inevitably distrust the League machinery. . . .

The appointment of a representative of a smaller Power as one of the Under-Secretaries-General and the adoption of the rule that no professional diplomat should hold the position of assistant Secretary-General would do much to remove any such suspicion.

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